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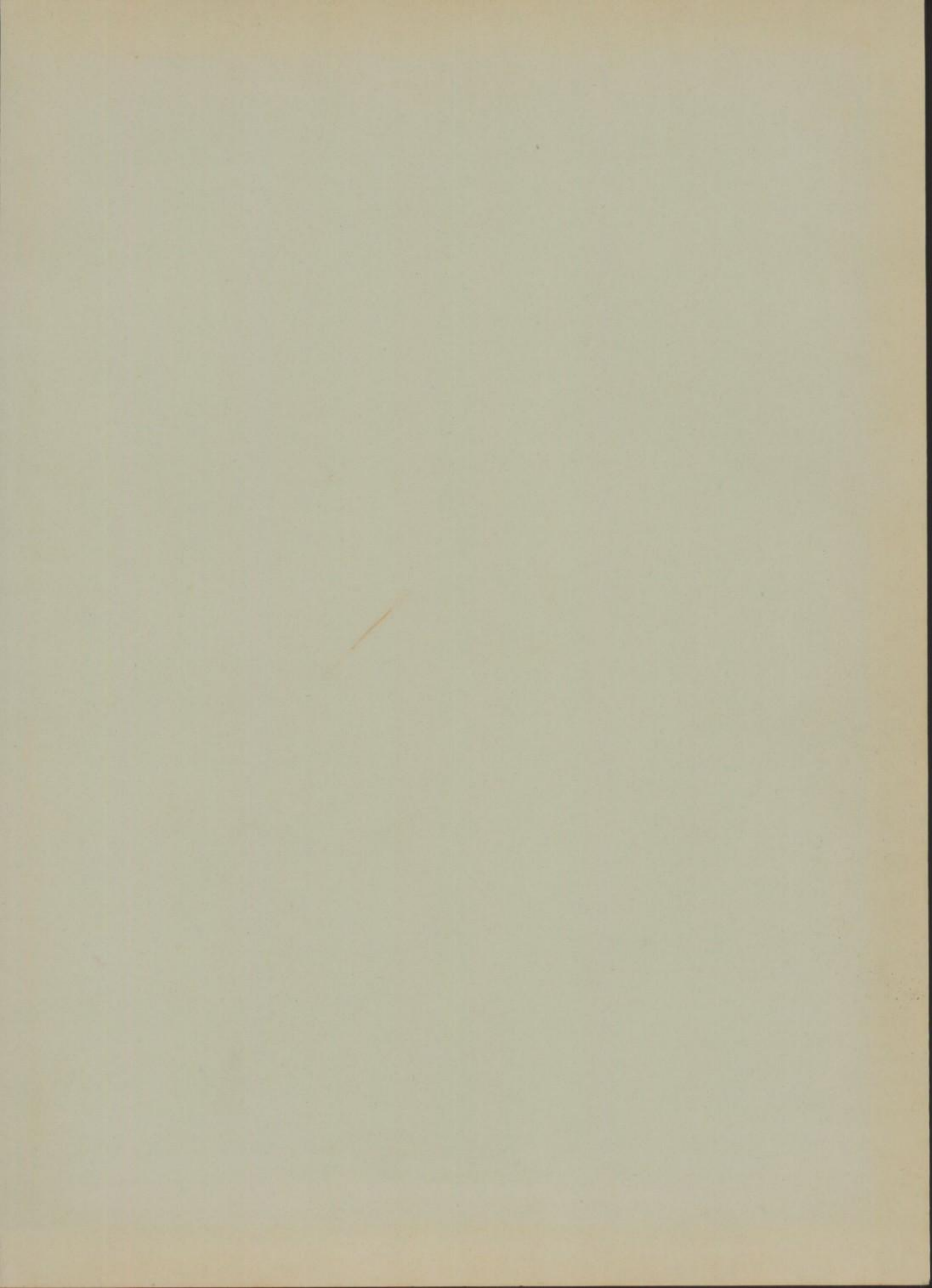
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LACRAN



To Mojica,
I have
enjoyed knowing
you throughout the
summers. You are
truly a wonderful person
Your smile is a cupful of
sunshine. It sure will get
you for in this world in all
May God bless you to do.
Love ya
Jimmie
Karpinen

El Alacran

Brownmoor School, Phoenix, Arizona



As we look back into time, we find it rather hard to believe that another year has passed. We can remember feeling as if the year would never be over, but in reality it passed so quickly that it seems much like a dream. The fun we have shared in our school days at Brownmoor will be quite unforgettable, and we will find that we have profited from all our experiences, both bad and good.

In this year's Alacran we have tried to pick out the most outstanding events in the year so that you may remember and relive this year at Brownmoor. We have tried to put in pictures of people with their characteristic mannerisms, in general, the people as you know them. We sincerely hope that we have succeeded, and that you will get as much pleasure out of reading this Alacran as we have had in putting it together for you.

Suze Hunter

and

Sue Morse

'56

Dedication



To you, Miss Duncan, mere words could never express our heartfelt appreciation for your kind guidance and help throughout our days at Brownmoor. Because of your wise counsel, we have overcome many obstacles which otherwise would have been insurmountable.

We hope that through our contact with you, here at Brownmoor, some portion of your gentleness and patience has been instilled into us.

You have made a lasting impression on us and there is not much left for us to say except two very small and sincere words, "Thank you."

Senior Class of 1956

Headmistress



Miss Sallie, our understanding headmistress who has been so kind to us all and has helped Brownmoor in every way. We are very grateful to you.

The Owners



Mr. and Mrs. Graybeal,
You will always be very much a part of our Brownmoor memories. For your hospitality, your thoughtfulness, your ready counsel, we thank you.

Faculty



Seated: Lt. Williams, Mrs. Medlin, Miss Reynolds, Miss Duncan, Miss Sallie, Mrs. McHenry, Mrs. Kuhl, Mill Dea White. Standing: Mr. Frazier, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Mustol, Mrs. McAlexander, Mr. Trigg, Mrs. Stone, Mr. Roggin, Mrs. Hammond, Mr. Phillips, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Fleener, Miss McCoy, Miss Wiegand, Miss Huelesmann. Missing: Miss Goodheart, Mrs. Larson.

SENIORS

 Lynne

 Peggy

 Bonnie

 Lidge

 Sue

 Hank

 Wallace

 Shad

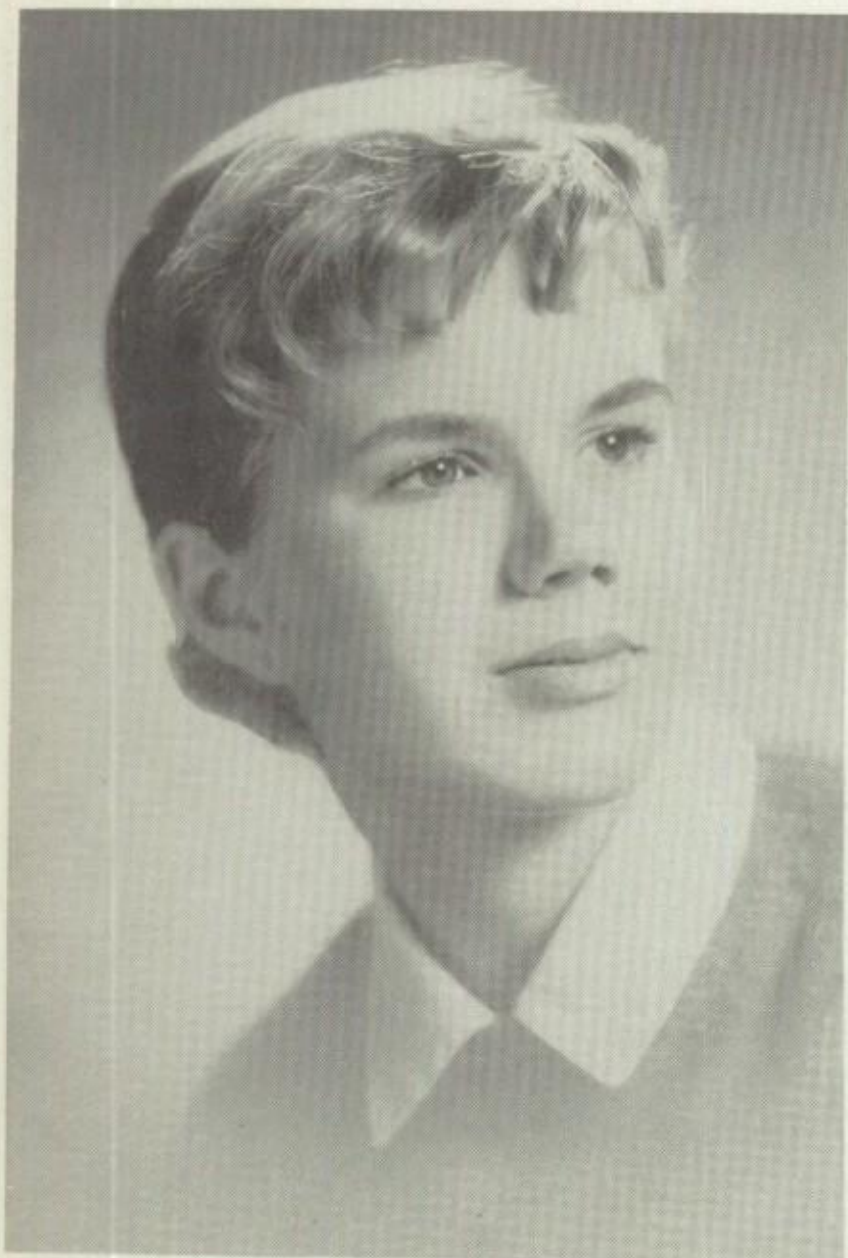
 Sylvia

 Lonnie

 Eugene

 Susan

 Susan



Sue Carter

Kansas City, Missouri

A capricious blond with a cute pug nose and white-rimmed glasses, is that happy personality, Sue Carter.

This small, quick-moving, vivacious girl seems to have a special knack of friendship and understanding. She is able to look at more than one side of a story, and she is an excellent arbitrator.

Whether running down the hockey field or putting out the Bell, Sue is one who does the job well. This efficiency holds true in anything she undertakes.

Sue's moods are many. There is the quiet, gentle, romantic girl; but don't be deceived by this pensive aspect, for Sue has a light and gay side and a magnetism which is in her sparkling smile and in her kind word for everyone. But whatever her mood, she is always the sincere, lovable friend whom we all know we can trust.

To our sweet Sue we say, "Thank you for all the things you have done for us, and may yours be a rich and happy life."

"A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere; with him I may think aloud."

Charity Club	3-4
Journalism	3-4
President of Journalism	4
Bell Staff	3-4
Assistant Editor of Bell	3
Editor of Bell	4
El Alacran Board	4
Riding Club	4
Dramatics	4
Pine Team	3-4



Suzanne Marie Collins

Houston, Texas

"I'll swan! — What a personality that peppy Texan has, the one from Houston. This is our Suzy, the girl who never runs out of energy nor friendliness.

Suzy entered Brownmoor last year and this fall became a very welcome addition to our senior class.

In looking back, there are many times she has helped to spark a good team spirit or to give someone a cheery, "Hi there!" and a smile.

We all remember her as having her name linked with Don's. How could we forget the many times when she sat down to count his letters and informed us of an unbelievably large number.

However, we find the most lasting memory of Suzy in the saying she quotes and lives by. To you, Suzy, we wish all the loveliness in the world. We realize, though, that you will obtain this, for as the immortal Shakespeare terms it, "Sweets to the Sweet!"



"There is no gathering the rose without being pricked by the thorns."



Charity Club	3-4
Riding Club	4
Asst. Copy Editor of Bell	4
Bell Staff	3-4
Journalism	3-4
Dramatics	3-4
President of Dramatics	4
Glee Club	4
Honor Roll	4
Pine Team	3-4



Bette Lynn Ford

Dallas, Texas

The gentleness of a soft spring morning is caught in her eyes. Her voice is as mellow and kind as warm honey. Truly she is the very epitome of feminine sweetness and charm.

Tall, slender, with a nineteen-inch waist, Dallas literally walks in beauty — a beauty not only of outward appearance, but a wisdom seldom achieved. Her generosity of spirit permeates everything she does; for warm-hearted concern for the well-being of others is with Dallas just "doin' what comes naturally."

A tablespoon of helpfulness, a bushel of common sense, a gallon of continual cheeriness, and a liberal sprinkling of sauciness is the recipe for our favorite little gal from just north of the Rio Grande. A salute to you, Dallas!

"My cup is small, but it is my own."

Charity Club	3-4
Copy Editor of Alacran	4
Pine Team	2-3-4



Saundra Sue Hayn

Wichita, Kansas

There are some people you won't remember, and some you will recall; but there is one freckled face, broad smile, and glowing personality which you will never forget.

Sonnie's hair is red, her eyes are green, and her head and ideals are high. And in keeping with her flaming hair, is her vitality, her enthusiasm, her intensity of purpose — and her temper, although that is usually under control. Never lacking opinions of her own, Sonnie has sincere appreciation and respect for the ideas of others.

She has enthusiasm in every thing she does. If you hear a loud thud and feel a small earthquake, that is Sonnie doing her best at playing basketball. (There is still some confusion as to whether she plays on her feet or flat on her face.) Sonnie is confident of her ability to sing and dance and in her attempt to perk everyone up with a self-chosen song, she is oblivious to the fact that we have cotton in our ears; but Sonnie carries on and never fails to accomplish her mission. However, in the solitude of her own room, she enjoys classical music — and in this genuine devotion is expressed another side of Sonnie.

High in her ideals, ardent in her convictions, intense in her likes and dislikes — this is Sonnie whom we love and for whom we predict great things.



"Make the decision, stand by it."



Charity Club	3-4
Journalism	2-3-4
Bell Staff	2-3-4
Dramatics	3-4
El Alacran Board	4
Literary Editor of Alacran	4
Glee Club	2-3-4
Student Body Secretary	3
Student Council	3-4
Honor Roll	3
Juniper Team	2-3-4



Suzanne Hunter

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Suze is the dark-eyed cutie from Tulsa, one of the most lovable as well as talented girls in our class. A petite, vivacious person, she is our chief claim to fame and success with her beautiful piano playing. An excellent student, a very efficient editor of El Alacran, an active participant in class and school activities, Suze is one of the busiest people on the campus. Yet she has time for friends and for fun.

She came to Brownmoor her junior year and has been a vital part of the school life these two years. She is a girl whom none of us will ever forget, for the many times she has given us a spiritlifter with her humor or her tactful advice. We will remember her voice and her particular manner of talking; the way in which her eyes changed expression, punctuating what she was saying. We will remember her quiet charm and her sweetness — but most of all we will remember the lovable girl herself.

"Time will tell."

Charity Club	3-4
Journalism	3-4
El Alacran Board	4
El Alacran Editor	4
Managing Editor of Bell	4
Bell Staff	3-4
Riding Club	4
Honor Roll	3-4
Juniper Team	3-4



Judy Linda Hussey

Los Angeles, California

It is said that "good cheer is better than any medicine." There is one girl who personifies this expression perfectly. With dark hair, sparkling blue eyes, and warm smile, her vivacity is certainly contagious.

Whether tap dancing to "Bell Bottom Blues" on the patio, singing "I Hate Men" in the smoker, or listening to the strains of "Sands and the Sea", she is constantly surrounded by an affectionate and admiring audience.

In any class there is a girl who is consistently doing little thoughtful things for people. Well, Huss is for us, that person . . . the one who turns down people's beds for them, or straightens up the room that someone has hurriedly left in a mess.

Understanding, sincerity, humility, generosity, patience . . . Linda possesses and practices them all.

With her fragile beauty, her varied talents and sparkling personality, she will remain forever in the memories of the friends she has made here.



"What can't be cured must be endured."



Charity Club	4
Charity Club President	4
Glee Club	4
Dramatics	4
Riding Club	4
Home Economics Club	3
Journalism	4
Bell Staff	4
Pine Team	3-4



Dorothy Quincy La Mure

Santa Barbara, California

If we were never to see Lynne again, what would we remember best? The lovely, long-lashed eyes which on occasions can hold such innocence? The laughter which seems always to be the very epitome of happiness? The shining locks covered by a wornout shower cap as she strides toward the smoker after a hard afternoon at the riding ring?

No, I think we would best remember Lynne herself — no single aspect of her; but in a flash we would summon into view the many pleasant hours spent with her; the way she was always eager to help and ever slow to "throw stones"; the way she was able to ignore the business of others which didn't concern her, in favor of that which did; her true concern for the well-being of others. All this is Lynne!

Finally, we would remember Lynne as the good-humor gal who, when examined in retrospect, has the most precious characteristic of all—understanding.

"The reward of a thing well done is having done it."

Charity Club	3-4
Journalism	2
Glee Club	2-3
Riding Club	2-3-4
Riding Club President	4
Dramatics Club	2-3
Bell Staff	2-3
Juniper Team	2-3-4



Margaret Kellogg Leigh

La Jolla, California

"Whoa, I say there, Whooooaaa!" The streak that just passed our way was Misty with his rider. That always-laughing, gay, and full-of-mischief personality is the lovable, blue-eyed Peggy Leigh. Pegifer came to Brownmoor in her freshman year. During these four years she has made friends that will never forget her, for she has quite a talent for setting the pace and mood for the group she is with. Along with being the life of any party, Pegifer is one of the most understanding girls we know, the sort of person whose ready sympathy, sincerity, and good judgment we can always be sure of. She is someone who will disregard her own feelings and desires in order to make others happy.

Peggy has surely proved herself to be the all-around campus girl, tops in sports and in the hearts of all of us. And when we look back on our last year at Brownmoor, we shall see that this bundle of fun and mischief made the year just a bit better for everyone. Thanks, Peggy.



"The greatest of all healers is good cheer."



Charity Club	3-4
Journalism	1-2-3-4
Bell Staff	2-3-4
Riding Club	2-3-4
Dramatics	1-2-3-4
Glee Club	3-4
Junior Class President	3
Student Council	3-4
Home Economics Club	1
Juniper Team	1-2-3-4



Ann Magoun

Phoenix, Arizona

"Choing in the marshes!" A loud clear voice rings out as she comes bounding into the smoker. "Goonie", as we all know her, is a much-loved personality to us all, warm-hearted, sweet-spirited, fair.

Ann is one who always senses the things which need to be done, and quietly and efficiently does them. With her, "actions speak louder than words." She is an inspiring Pine Captain, infusing her fine enthusiasm and spirit into each member of the team.

As a person, Ann is usually very light-hearted and gay; but she has a serious and thoughtful side to her nature. She is instinctively kind and uncritical and we have all found in her a sincere friend whom we shall never forget.

"Life is not the wick nor the candle—but, it is burning."

Charity Club	3-4
Pine Captain	4
Pine Team	2-3-4



Janet Huntington Moffett

Los Angeles, California

"I'm ruthless", says one five-foot-four, blue-eyed brunette. Pidge really isn't, although she is devilishly gay. One can never be sure just what she is doing or plotting to do. She is just as apt to make your bed for you as she is to hide the sheets.

Pidge is an adept artist, and many times, because of her ability, has gotten more than her share of work; but with little or no apparent pains she does her very best, whether drawing for the El Alacran or re-doing flowers on the "black" table.

Pidge is sincere and appreciates that quality in others. Her unassuming sweetness, her generosity of spirit, and her understanding heart we value in her.

If you were to take all the expressions such as — "good as gold", "good things come in small packages", etc., add a little bit of mischief, and a lot of spice, common sense, and sincerity, then you know our "ruthless" Pidge.



"What is worthwhile is worth fighting for."



Charity Club	3-4
Sophomore Class President	2
Student Council	2, 4
Riding Club	2-3-4
Journalism	2-3-4
El Alacran Board	4
Art Editor of Alacran	4
Bell Staff	4
Dramatics	4
Pine Team	2-3-4



Susan Jane Morse

Washington, D. C.

Quiet eyes which are steady and direct in their gaze, a Mona Lisa smile, and a complete genuineness — all these distinguish Sue.

Sue's tranquil and unruffled manner has been reassuring to us all when pandemonium and chaos have reigned. Each of us has valued her friendship, her personally. She has proven to us all the true meaning of a dependable friend through out the years we have known her.

Sue has attained a permanent place for herself in High Honors in academic standing. This was a goal for Sue and she achieved it. She pursues her studies assiduously and reaps full rewards.

When we reflect back on these years with Sue, we will recall a girl with repose, but also with a flair for fun, who has made life a little bit happier for us all. Thank you, Sue.

"Still water runs deep."

Charity Club	3-4
Charity Club Secretary	4
Riding Club	2-3-4
Glee Club	2-3-4
Journalism	2-3-4
El Alacran Board	4
Co-Editor of Alacran	4
Bell Staff	2-3-4
Dramatics	2-3
Honor Roll	1-3-4
Pine Team	2-3-4



Jennie Claudine Shattuck

Albuquerque, New Mexico

"In the life of a young woman, the most essential thing for happiness is the gift of friendship": this was once said, and if true, "Shad" or "Claudine" (as you prefer) will have a future which should be filled to the utmost with happiness.

Claudine is a tall brunette with beautiful, expressive eyes which are tattle-tales for what goes on in her mind. Her clear, soprano voice is well known to us all. In the midst of the dull roar of the shower, Shad gives us a daily opera — starred, directed, and composed by Shad — concerning the events of her day.

Shad, like almost everyone, has a side to her personality which is serious. She fully realizes that there is a time when understanding, sincere opinions and often sympathy are required, and these she has always given. She has no tolerance for injustice in even the most insignificant situation and is quick to devote herself to its correction.

Each of us has tested and found true Shad's sincerity in whatever she does. When she leaves Brown-moor, we are certain that she will never be friendless because of her intangible quality for making friends and her priceless capacity for capturing the fun and joy of life.



"Love is life, life is music."



Charity Club	3-4
Riding Club	3-4
Riding Club Secretary	4
Journalism	4
El Alacran Board	4
Bell Staff	3
Copy Editor of Bell	3
Dramatics	4
Glee Club	3-4
Glee Club President	4
Juniper Team	3-4



Sylvia Ann Tomlin

Los Angeles, California

Pensive brown eyes and long auburn hair are distinguishing characteristics of an individual who will always hold a special place in the hearts of all those who know her. Of physical charms, Sylvia has received more than her share, but even with her unforgettable beauty, her inner qualities are the determining factors in her personality. Her sincerity, strong moral fiber, dependability, her wonderful sense of humor and genuine warmth and understanding make her "The object of our affections."

Coming to school this year, a senior, not knowing anyone, she soon had friends on the four corners of the campus. She is definitely an outstanding member of the class of '56, one who enters into all fun, all activities, and yet maintains a straight "A" average. Syl's good judgment, love of life, her sense of value we shall all remember; and no matter what road in life she takes, we feel she will be a success, for she is that kind of person.

"Ambition sees no face so beautiful as that which shines from beneath a crown."

Charity Club	4
Journalism	4
Bell Staff	4
Co-Editor of Bell	4
El Alacran Board	4
Business Editor of Alacran	4
Honor Roll	4
Juniper Captain	4
Juniper Team	4



Senior Snapshots



"Makin' Whoopie"



"It Could Happen to You"



"Happy Baby"



"Heartbreak Hotel"



"Poor Fool"



"Sweet Sue"



"I'm An Indian Too"



"Ragamuffin"



"The Yellow Rose of Texas"

Celestial Wanderings

The sun sent its shining rays peeping over the edge of my snug little cloud — and I buried my head in the frosty whiteness, trying to catch a few more winks of precious sleep. Knowing that this was useless, I resigned myself to the fact that I must get up and set out on my daily tasks.

After washing my face in raindrops that had nestled in my cloud, I slipped into my clean white robe and flipped my halo on as best I could with one hand. After leisurely eating breakfast, which somehow seemed to take on the horrid appearance of chocolate cake and orange juice, I realized that I had a few extra moments before I had to report to Pete (St. Peter to you). I straightened out the ruffles in my cloud and then sat down to plunk out a few bars of "Darling Je Vous Aime Beaucoup" on my battered but beautiful harp. No more had I gotten out the line about "I love you yes I do —" when that confounded trumpet nearly jolted me out of my celestial home. I marched indignantly up to the pearly gates — ready to put old Pete through a wall. Seeing my old friend pacing up and down mumbling to himself made me forget my speech about "Why in heaven's name must you have the volume on that trumpet so loud."

Pete stopped and stuck his hands in his pockets — "Huss" he said, "I've got troubles". Knowing that I was the chief advisor, I offered my help, and then asked what was the matter. "We haven't been receiving many new recruits lately, Huss, and I'm supposed to report to the higher authority tonight. I really don't know where I'm going to round up people to push up daisies on such short notice. Do you think you could possibly take a day off from counting your sunbeams, and go and gather a few thousand people to get up here?" Thinking over this interrogation — I decided that I could do this small favor for Pete, who had been so kind to me. I agreed and, bidding "adieu" — hopped in my blue and white Pontiac (heavenly colors, you know) pushed the gold starter button — and took off like an angel out of heaven, for parts unknown.

Never having learned how to drive, I couldn't handle the power steering very well, and I found myself out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Driving frantically up and down the middle, I finally spotted a navy submarine churning through the water. On deck, I discovered Lynne casually swabbing the deck — and in her familiar melodious warbling she gave out with excerpts from "Anchors Away". Behind her, peeping out of portholes, were eleven little "Anchors Away." Because of Lynne's love of cooking, and its after-effects, the head sailor of the family has taken over the mess hall. (And believe me, when he took it over, it was appropriately titled.)

Time was flying, and I decided to do the same. Speedily winging my way south, I came across a tribe of African Bushmen — and there in the midst of them all was "Little Buttercup", with basket in hand. Trying to teach kindergarten to little Africans is something of a chore, but Peg seemed to be doing quite well. Between all the grunts and groans of her pupils, Peg's voice rose loud and clear over the din of the jungle — "A - B - C - etc." Yes, Peggy has attained what she wanted in life — to teach "little ones". I don't imagine the locality was the exact place she wanted to teach, but — one has to begin somewhere — and Africa is just as good as anywhere. Good luck, Peg! Don't let those witch doctors sweep you off your feet.

Sailing along in the blue — thinking of where I could find some prospects for heaven, I suddenly thought of Sue Morse. I knew she had wanted to be a diplomat — and was somewhere in Europe. So I took a right turn at Egypt, and peeked over the side of the cloudmobile. There in King Farouk's court was Sue and I could tell that her diplomacy had led her to far corners of the world. Apparently King Farouk had asked her to become a member of his harem, and Sue took him up on it. Pardon me if I turn green with envy, but it would be nice. Oh well, back to my job.

After leaving Egypt I decided to make a quick spin to New York, and see how Suze Hunter was doing. Suze's ambition in life was to be a great piano player, and gossip had it that her dream had become a reality. So I decided to take a few minutes off my job, and see how the old gal was doing. While on my way to Carnegie Hall, I passed over Gimbels and I happened to look down into the hubbub of the crowd. What met my eyes nearly shocked the death out of me — for there was Suze — giving public demonstrations on a toy piano in the children's department. Oh well, time will tell about this girl. Maybe she'll get to Carnegie Hall after all — I surely hope so.

After leaving New York, I took a short jump to Chicago where I'd hoped to find Pidge. Her "ruthless" nature had placed her in many of the nation's headlines as "Most Wanted Gun Moll". I noticed her crossing a busy intersection — carrying a satchel (which I assumed held that beautiful and necessary green). She kept looking over her shoulder — and I imagine it was for "those men that got away" back in the old Brownmoor days. Do worry, Sugar, you'll find them yet — just remember to keep fighting — it'll be worth it.

I stepped on the gas — and flew over the rooftops of Chicago to my next stop.

The rolling hills of Oklahoma soon were beneath me — and I swooped down to catch a better glimpse. I saw a tribe of Osage Indians doing a fire dance, and there in the midst of all the fire was Sylvia "Medicine-Man" Tomlin. Her ambition was to be a doctor and she has accomplished this dream with the greatest of ease. Although she actually couldn't be termed "Medicine Man", she does have some connection with medicine. She is the chief veterinarian for the Osage tribe — and you can see her making her daily rounds of the tribal horses, feeding them Zilatones by the bale. You've succeeded, Syl! Keep up the good work.

I made a U turn — and headed southward for New Mexico — two of my old friends were there — and I thought I might as well kill two birds with one stone. (Not literally, though — I wasn't that anxious to rob them of life — even for Pete.)

My first stop was Roswell, New Mexico, the home of Shad. Although she never succeeded in "catching a mate", she has done quite well — for the dude. Shad has designed a pair of bow-legged jodhpurs, and although this doesn't sound too bad, these are extremely funny looking. You see, they consist of just a frame. You complete the jodhpurs. (A sort of do-it-yourself kit.) Everywhere you go, you purchase S & H Green Stamps, and then you paste them on the frame. When you complete the outfit, the company gives you a horse to go with it. Nice if you can do it. Most of Shad's spare time is engaged in playing cards, and at this she is extremely lucky. She manages to walk away with the purse every time. (She accomplishes this by aces — back to back.) Keep that "green" rolling in, Shad. I wish I could help you spend it.

I made another U turn — and went north a few miles to Santa Fe where Dallas had made her home. Stopping momentarily over Penney's, I saw our "Texas Rose" modeling — and doing a very good job at her job. Even a \$2.98 housedress at Penney's looks good on Dallas, but I do wish that girl would lose a little weight and learn about color combinations. Dallas and her size-eighteen don't look so bad, but when you put colors on her like fushia and aqua, it looks pretty ghastly. I had to leave before I got sick — so away I sped.

I was getting all mixed up on directions and my poor celestial cloudmobile was almost exhausted. I had to then go south to Panama, and the famous canal, where I'd heard Goonie had been hired. I didn't think she was planning to do work as a contractor, and I was right. As I circled above the canal, I saw Goonie sitting and patiently knitting reinforcement locks for the canal. Her needles were microscopic — because their knitting had to retain the water. Oh well — we all have head trouble once in a while, but she was getting a good amount for her tedious labor — I must admit. A penny a stitch is a considerable sum, especially when she had to fill up the whole canal. Bye, Bye, Goon! At the rate you're headed, I'll see you quite shortly. (Poor girl is cracking up.)

I didn't have to turn around again, for this time I was headed for South America and Sue Carter. In Lima, Peru, among the Inca Indians, I discovered Sue. After six futile marriages — she had discovered a Latin Lover, and they were making their home in a huge mansion atop a green mountain. I wondered how "my room" had gotten along with her new hubby, but what met my eye was indeed sad. Sue's Latin lover had stopped "lovin' his baby", and had left her. After six trips to Reno, Nevada, the territory seemed quite familiar, and I wondered if it was the "home for divorcees" that lured her, or other interests. After this trip to Reno — I think a nest will be made permanently for our "Lovely One."

I then came up the Pacific Coast to Los Angeles, my home town. I was so glad that Suzy Collins and Don were living there, for I wanted to see Hollywood, along with them. Suzy and Don had made up quite a good act — and they were showing at the Wilshire Ebel theater in L. A. It is a shooting exhibition, in which Don shoots a cigarette etc., out of poor Suzy's mouth, with his Smith and Wesson. Most of Suzy's spare time is spent in taking her son Mark to the stock-car races at Saugus, where she races a black Ford, and usually walks away with the prize money. Got to hand it to that gal, she is really doing a good job at marriage, except for a few minor fights over material things. For example, Suzy took a pot shot at their two-month-old baby because, as she said, "He was too lazy to do the dishes." Well — do you blame her?

Flying over Bel-Aire, I pondered over the home of Red Skelton and there found Sonnie permanently employed. Every week Sonnie takes some of her red hair, to make a tooth brush for the famous redhead. In her spare time "Sass" scrubs off her freckles and Red uses them to seal his fan mail. Well, we all have to make a living the best we can.

My poor little cloudmobile had plum pooped out, and the day was turning into night. I shot upward, on my homeward journey. I was so tired I never thought I would reach my celestial home. Hitching myself to a shooting star, I was swept upward until I was placed in front of Pete's home. I rang the bell, and the pearly gates silently opened, admitting me to the kingdom of heaven.

Pete rushed up to me, and threw his arms around me. "Well?" he said with a hopeful look. "Did you bring me some new recruits?" "New recruits?" I stammered. "Oh, Pete, I forgot all about them. I went to earth and stopped off to see some of my old friends, and I completely forgot." Pete clenched his hands and his brow furrowed. "Oh, Huss, why didn't you bring me someone — anyone, just so I won't lose face." Pete sent me to my cloud and told me to wait for further notice.

Trembling, I obeyed — complete submission is always the best policy!

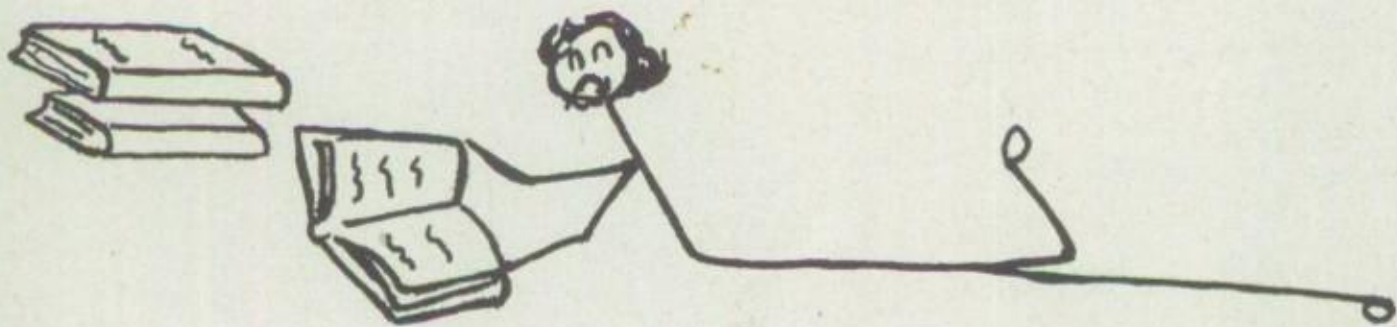
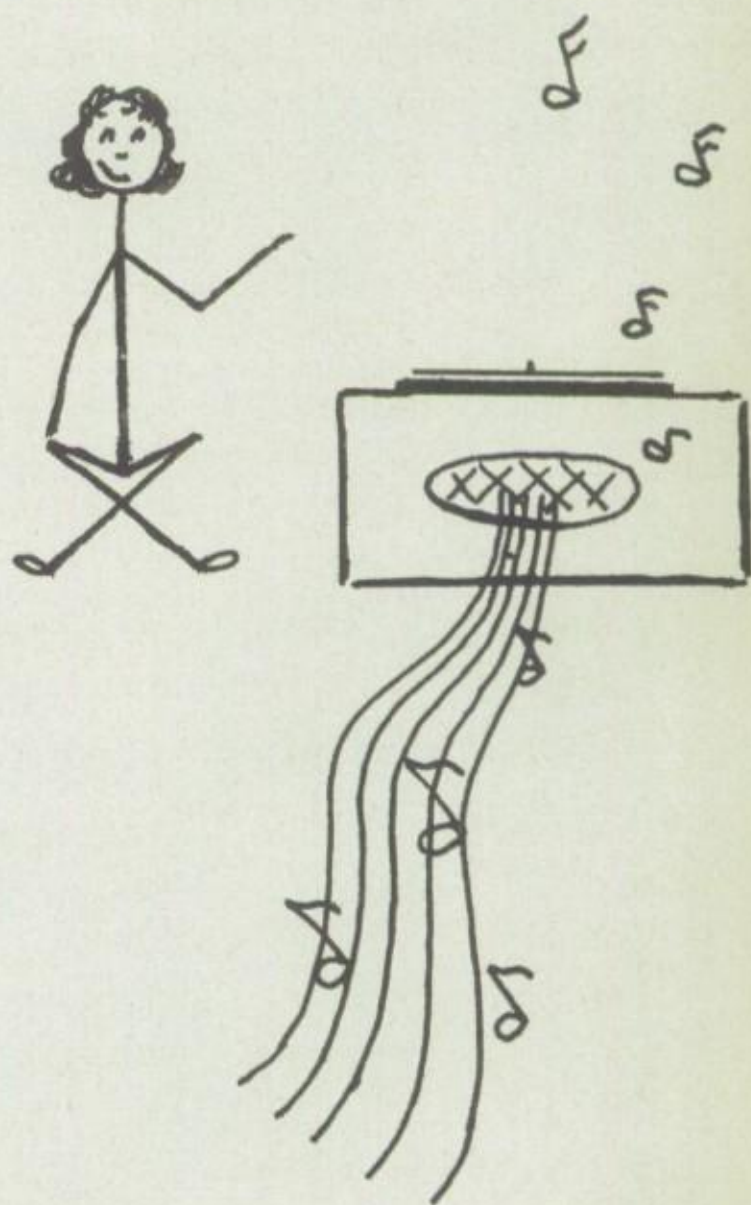
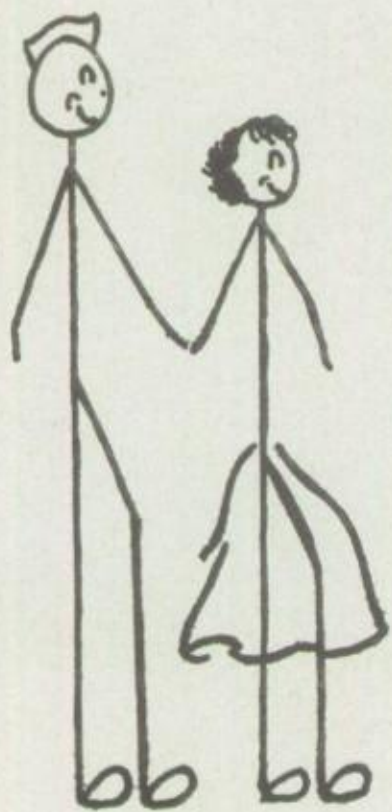
I was summoned before Pete once again — and I was told that I was placed on "Heavenly Group No. 5, and I thought that I would pass out. As I tucked myself between two clouds, I thought that this indeed had been an eventful day. Group No. 5 — and now I was confined to my cloud — until celestial ratings came out in two thousand years. "I'll never escape Brownmoor — even here in heaven — so perhaps I shouldn't even try. I closed my eyes, snuggled down — to dream about — "Our Senior Class."

J. LINDA HUSSEY '56

Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class of 1956

- I, SUE CARTER, hereby will to Lucille Sheppard my place (?), and my moodiness to anyone who wants it.
- I, SUZY COLLINS, hereby will my patience to Jeannie Neifert, and my "poodle lamp" to Kay Inciso and Suzy Hughes.
- I, BETTE LYNN FORD, hereby will my "short hair" to Lynn Phillips, and my uncontrollable temper to Janet Heinaman.
- I, SONNIE HAYN, hereby will my favorite expression, "Run for your lives" to those who are still in running position. Kay, Joyce, and Lynn G. take note.
- I, SUZE HUNTER, hereby will my height to DoDo Feldes and I leave "Malaguena" to Barbara Kirtz.
- I, LINDA HUSSEY, hereby will to Kay Inciso the perpetual dollar sign in my eyes, and to Sallie Bell my favorite Nat "King" Cole record.
- I, LYNNE LaMURE, hereby will "Myrtle" to Sharlene Heath to keep her thinking about Leon, and to Arlene Antle, I will my "do-it-yourself".
- I, PEGGY LEIGH, hereby will "pig" and "Neu" to Sydney Morrison and my riding ability to Lynn Berman.
- I, ANN MAGOUN, will my knitted dice to Mike McVay, hoping that they will bring him continued luck.
- I, JANET MOFFETT, hereby will to Terri Ritter the Sunset Strip and its many memories, and to Gail Mitchell, the use of the music rooms for piano practice.
- I, SUE MORSE, hereby will my ability for staying out of trouble to Terri Ritter.
- I, CLAUDINE SHATTUCK, hereby will my "Lola" charms to Suze Dyke and my amusing jokes to Roger Freed.
- I, SYLVIA TOMLIN, hereby will La Cienega Park to Suzy Hughes.
- We, Huss, Syl, Suze, Pidge, and Sue hereby will the memories of: a fire hydrant, and two cars leaving a well-worn path around the U.S.O. to Terri—If she has a blue Cadillac.
- We, the Senior S.N.A.'s, Dallas, Goonie, Sue, Huss, Peg, Pidge, and Sonnie, hereby will our elusive methods and profitable entrances and exits to our loyal Junior S.N.A.'s.
- We, the Seniors, leave Brownmoor—to U.

Wunderclassmen



Junior Class



Seated: J. Neifert, J. Heineman, L. Ganson, D. Feldes, S. Hughes, L. Berman, J. Johnston. Standing: L. Phillips, M. Pugh, S. Duell, N. Mansker, S. Heath (President), K. Inciso, K. Flynn, T. Ritter, S. Morrison, S. Rosen.



Lynn Berman
STUDENT BODY SECRETARY



Sharlene Heath
CLASS PRESIDENT

Junior Snapshots



"Irish Washerwoman"



"Oh Happy Day"



"If I Were A Bell"



"House of Blue Lights"



"I'll Be Home"



"A, B, C, Boogie"



"Three Blind Mice"

Sophomore Class



Kneeling: J. Berner, D. Smith, D. McKnight, R. Smith. Standing: J. Smith, J. Finlay, B. Kirtz, M. Brown, J. Ahlswede (President), L. Miller, K. Lundberg, M. Hoffman.



Joyce Ahlswede

CLASS PRESIDENT

I have sincerely enjoyed representing you this year. You have been a wonderful class. Thank you so much for your co-operation, for you have helped me a lot. I hope we all remember the good times we have shared.

JOYCE

Sophomore Snapshots



"Stranger in Paradise"



"Naughty Lady of Shady Lane"



"The Face in the Crowd"



"Doin' What Comes Naturally"



"Coquette"



"Smile"



"Do Like the Voo-Doos Do"

Freshman Class



Seated: S. Bell, S. Dyke, B. Castle, J. Fairbanks. Standing: P. Landt, L. Sheppard, R. Freed, C. Overall (President), E. de Berge, M. Shakespeare, P. Alderdyce.



Carol Overall

CLASS PRESIDENT

Cici's departure . . . tears!
 Thursday's "rain" . . . (irrigation)
 Dear Pollianna's arrival . . . joy (?)
 Everyone above group three . . . at last!
 The heated swimming pool . . . shivers (brrr)
 Knitting socks . . . for whom??
 Horse show . . . blue ribbons?
 Commencement . . . sadness and joy!
 Yes, we have these moments to remember — always.
 CAROL

Freshman Snapshots



"I Should Care"



"Time on My Hands"



"Life is a Dream"



"Get Out of Town"



"Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered"



"I'll Know"



"Do I Worry"

Eighth Grade



Seated: T. Gillatt, B. Folmar, G. Porter, G. Mitchell, D. Meyer, S. Arbogast. Standing: C. J. Graybeal, J. Isabell, C. Bonvie, K. Koehler, G. Moran.

Seventh Grade



Seated: M. McVay, S. Smart, B. Shallit, M. Frost, S. Sharpe, L. Madison, L. Maisner, C. Hubert, N. Leidel. Standing: L. de Berge, M. Flynn, A. Antle, V. Shakespeare, L. Clifford, M. Cash.

7th and 8th Grade Snapshots



"You've Changed"



"Up the Lazy River"



"Home on the Range"



"Carefree"

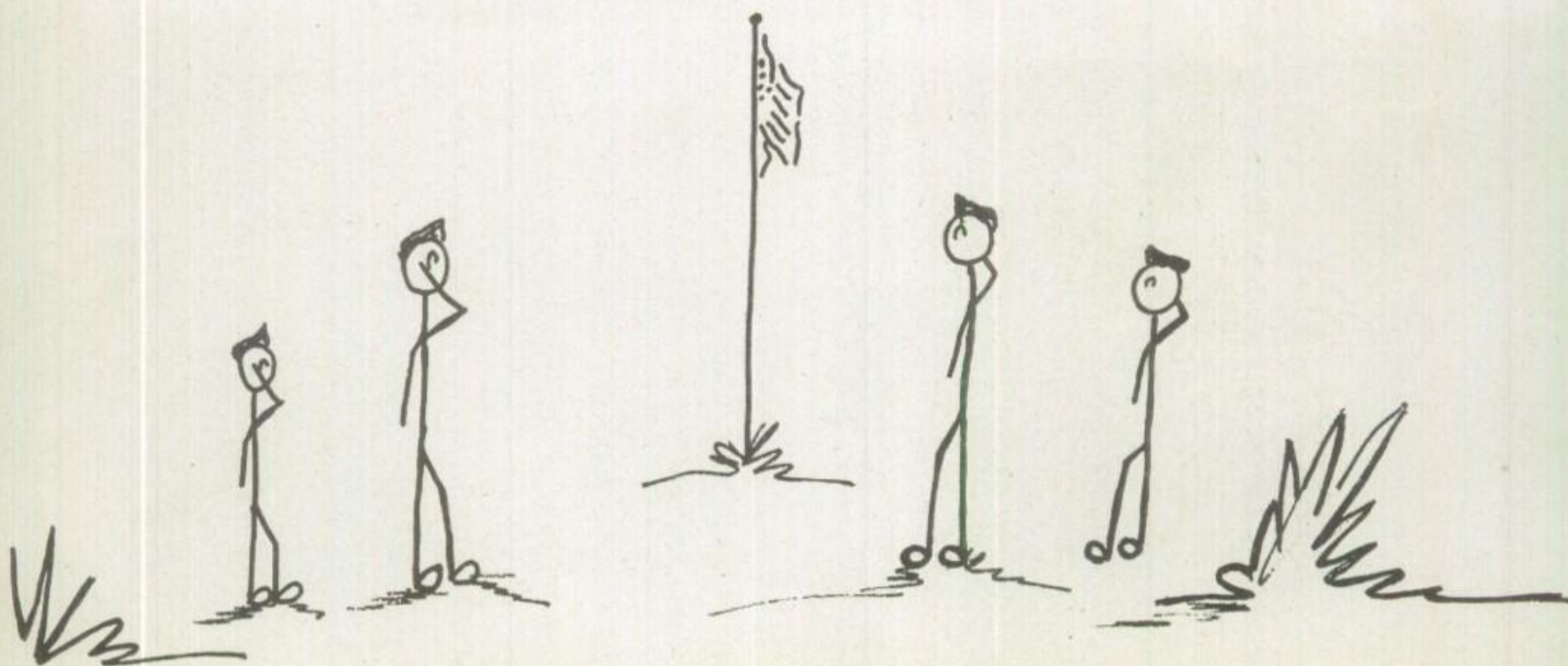


"Stardust"

The Boys



First Row: R. Terry. Second Row: D. Smith, D. McKnight. Third Row: R. Freed, E. de Berge, R. Smith.



Boys' Snapshots



"Wake Up, Wake Up, You Sleepy Head"



"What Do You Do With a General"



"Sound Off"



"Winter Wonderland"



"Keep Cool"



"Hearts of Stone"



"Play that Phonograph"

Lower School



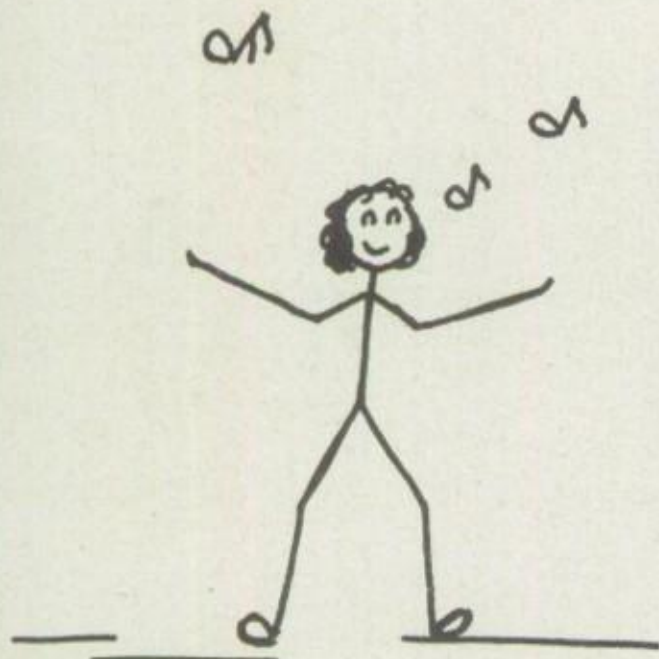
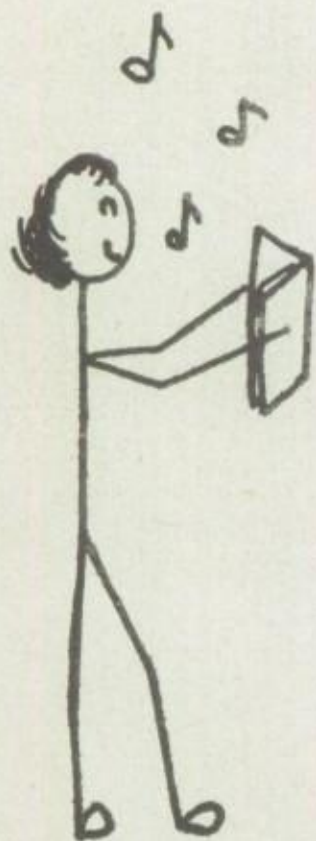
First Row: R. Arnold, M. S. Adams, J. Arnold, P. Cramp, S. Daniell, S. Bartel, E. L. Graybeal. *Second Row:* S. Smith, L. Northup, E. Davis, D. Hudson, E. Ryan, J. Bartel, J. Adams, G. Grimditch, E. Conley, C. Hoffman, F. Bostock, T. Myrick. *Third Row:* V. Parker R. Terry, B. Lewis, C. Bostock, L. Smith, J. Wales, E. Gerber, P. Goldwater, T. Leonard, L. Neely, A. Rossbach, K. Metzner. *Missing:* P. Lytton-Smith, P. Irwin, B. J. Keith, M. J. Mahon, L. Belcher, D. Gordon, G. Keith, V. Bell.

Lower School Boarders



Seated: L. Northup, E. L. Graybeal, L. Neely, R. Arnold. *Standing:* V. Bell, J. Wales, L. Smith, M. S. Adams, E. Conley, P. Cramp.

Organizations



Student Council



First Row: C. Overall. Second Row: S. Tomlin, S. Heath, L. Berman (Secretary). Third Row: J. Ahlswede, D. McKnight, A. Magoun.

The Student Council has with Sonnie and with you all, accomplished a great deal this year. To you who have loyally supported our student government organization, I want to express my sincere gratitude. We pass on as our major contribution, the Student Handbook. May it be a helpful guide to future Brownmoor students.

LYNN BERMAN

Charity Club



First Row: E. de Berge, S. Hunter, S. Tomlin, S. Morse, L. Hussey (President), P. Leigh, S. Hayn, S. Heath, S. Hughes. *Second Row:* D. Smith, B. Ford, C. Shattuck, J. Moffett, C. Ritter, S. Collins, P. Alderdyce, D. Feldes, L. LaMure, J. Brown, T. Gillatt, K. Inciso, S. Morrison. *Third Row:* S. Carter, J. Finlay, J. Ahlswede, J. Heineman, S. Duell, T. Pugh, K. Kohler, D. Meyer, C. J. Graybeal. *Fourth Row:* N. Leidel, D. McKnight, R. Smith, R. Freed, C. Overall, B. Castle, L. Sheppard, B. Kirtz, M. Hoffman, L. Berman, M. Shakespeare, J. Smith, L. Clifford, S. Bell, B. Folmar.

"It is better to give than to receive." This has been proved to me by your determination and fruitful efforts. To each and every one of you may I give sincere thanks. I couldn't have done it without your help.

God bless you —

LINDA HUSSEY

Journalism



First Row: S. Morse, S. Tomlin, S. Hunter, S. Carter (President), S. Hughes, S. Hayn, P. Leigh. Second Row: E. de Berge, S. Heath, A. Antle, L. Ganson, J. Neifert, C. Ritter, J. Moffett, C. Shattuck, J. Brown, J. Heineman, K. Inciso, S. Morrison. Third Row: L. Phillips, L. Berman, J. Ahlswede, J. Finlay, C. Overall, D. Feldes.

The Journalism Club is composed of all those who are interested in literary accomplishments, and have an active interest in the school paper. The club, besides just working on the paper, offers the advantage of learning more about the actual field of journalistic writing. We have an active correspondence with other schools, from which we learn more about other school papers. This "trading" of papers, also gives us a chance to learn more about people and how to criticize journalistic writing.

SUE CARTER

Bell Staff



First Row: L. Hussey, S. Hunter, S. Tomlin, (Co-Editor), S. Carter (Co-Editor), C. Shattuck, P. Leigh, S. Hayn. Second Row: E. de Berge, R. Freed, J. Ahlswede, T. Ritter, J. Moffett, S. Collins, P. Alderdyce, A. Antle, L. Ganson, T. Gillatt. Third Row: J. Finlay, S. Heath, J. Heineman.

Our school paper is something which the entire student body looks forward to reading.

Contained in it are all the activities which go on in the school, presented in a very interesting and unusual manner.

The paper goes to press once a month and is put out by the Bell Staff. This group is chosen from the Journalism Club according to people's literary ability.

We would very much like to thank the entire staff for its tireless work throughout this year. Without this group, we could never have succeeded in accomplishing our set goal.

SUE CARTER AND SYLVIA TOMLIN

Glee Club



First Row: G. Mitchell, M. Brown, C. Overall, K. Inciso, S. Hughes. Second Row: C. Shattuck (President), L. Hussey, J. Fairbanks, M. McVay, S. Collins, S. Hayn, P. Leigh. Third Row: M. Hoffman, S. Morse, D. McKnight, J. Berner, R. Freed, S. Morrison, D. Smith, C. Ritter, E. de Berge, S. Bell, R. Smith.

"Full lasting is the song", holds true of our Glee Club, which will never be forgotten: the fun, the tears, the happiness, the sense of accomplishment after hours of rehearsal; the praise of fellow classmen who doubted our ability to launch "H.M.S. Pinafore".

Our memories of you, Mrs. Kuhl, will linger — the warmth, the understanding, the patience, and the fun-filled times. Yes, Mrs. Kuhl, you are one of us.

CLAUDINE SHATTUCK

Orchestra



Standing: E. de Berge, A. Rossbach, Mr. Mustol, D. Smith, L. Phillips, M. Pugh, J. Neifert. *Seated:* R. Smith (Drums), D. McKnight, J. Fairbanks.

In closing my first year at Brownmoor, I wish to express my sincere satisfaction and appreciation to this group of fine young people for their cheerful co-operation in giving of their own time — under difficult circumstances — to make this school orchestra the enjoyable organization it is today as demonstrated by its appearance on various programs during the year.

Music is God's language on earth — may you always be on speaking terms with Him.

Yours musically

S. J. MUSTOL

Dramatics



First Row: J. Moffett, S. Carter, L. Hussey, S. Collins (President) C. Shattuck, S. Hayn, P. Leigh, G. Mitchell. Second Row: T. Ritter, S. Hughes, S. Morrison, S. Heath, C. Overall, M. J. Shakespeare. Third Row: R. Smith, R. Freed, E. de Berge, D. McKnight, D. Smith.

We have really had a great time of it this year. All of us have taken part in the fun, and who could ever forget the work and play that went into the Christmas Pageant, "Why the Chimes Rang", and the many skits. They were all times that we shall long remember with a feeling of pride and accomplishment.

Thank you, Mrs. Kuhl, for your seeming tirelessness and your putting up with us through thick and thin. And thank you for proving to us that "There's a bit of actor in each of us."

Thank you,
SUZY COLLINS

Home Economics Club

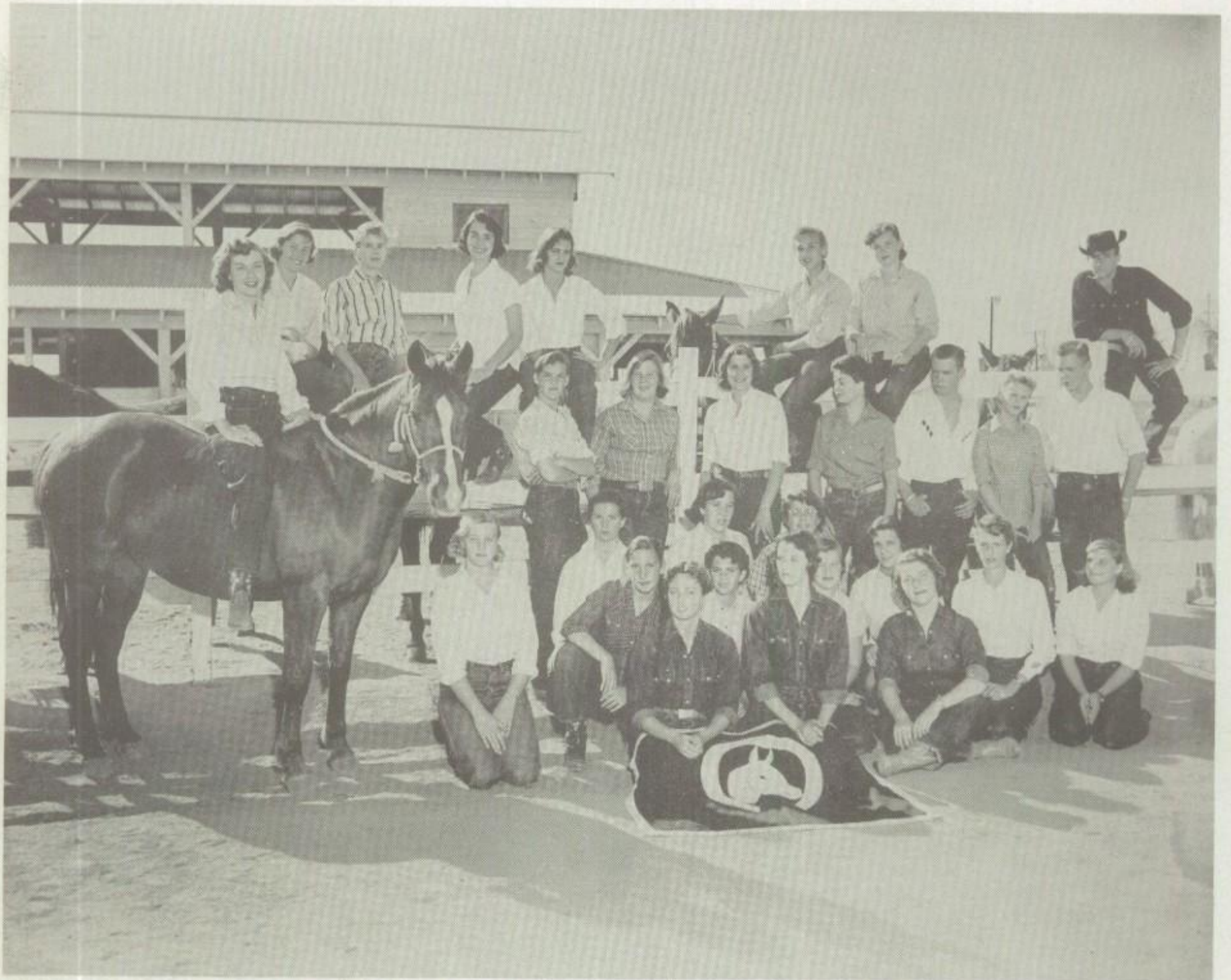


Seated: K. Lundberg, J. Finlay, P. Alderdyce, L. Sheppard. Standing: S. Dyke, D. McKnight, J. Ahlswede (President), J. Smith, C. Overall, S. Bell. Missing: D. Smith, R. Smith.

Our Home Economics Club has enjoyed a good year. We had the fun of sponsoring the Christmas decorations contest, and also of preparing the prize dinner. We shall remember all the good times we have had together, as well as the things we learned in our various projects. We thank Miss Sallie for her ideas and help.

JOYCE AHLWEDE

Riding Club



First Row: L. La Mure (President), C. Shattuck. Second Row: C. J. Graybeal, M. Shakespeare, B. Castle, K. Lundberg, B. Kirtz, J. Smith, T. Gillatt. Third Row: S. Rosen, L. Ganson, A. Antle. Fourth Row: S. Heath (on horse), L. Sheppard, P. Leigh, S. Morse, S. Bell, F. Smith, S. Dyke, D. Smith. Fifth Row: S. Morrison, S. Carter, L. Hussey, J. Moffett, G. Mitchell, J. Isabell, D. McKnight. Missing: S. Collins, S. Hunter, L. Berman (cooks).

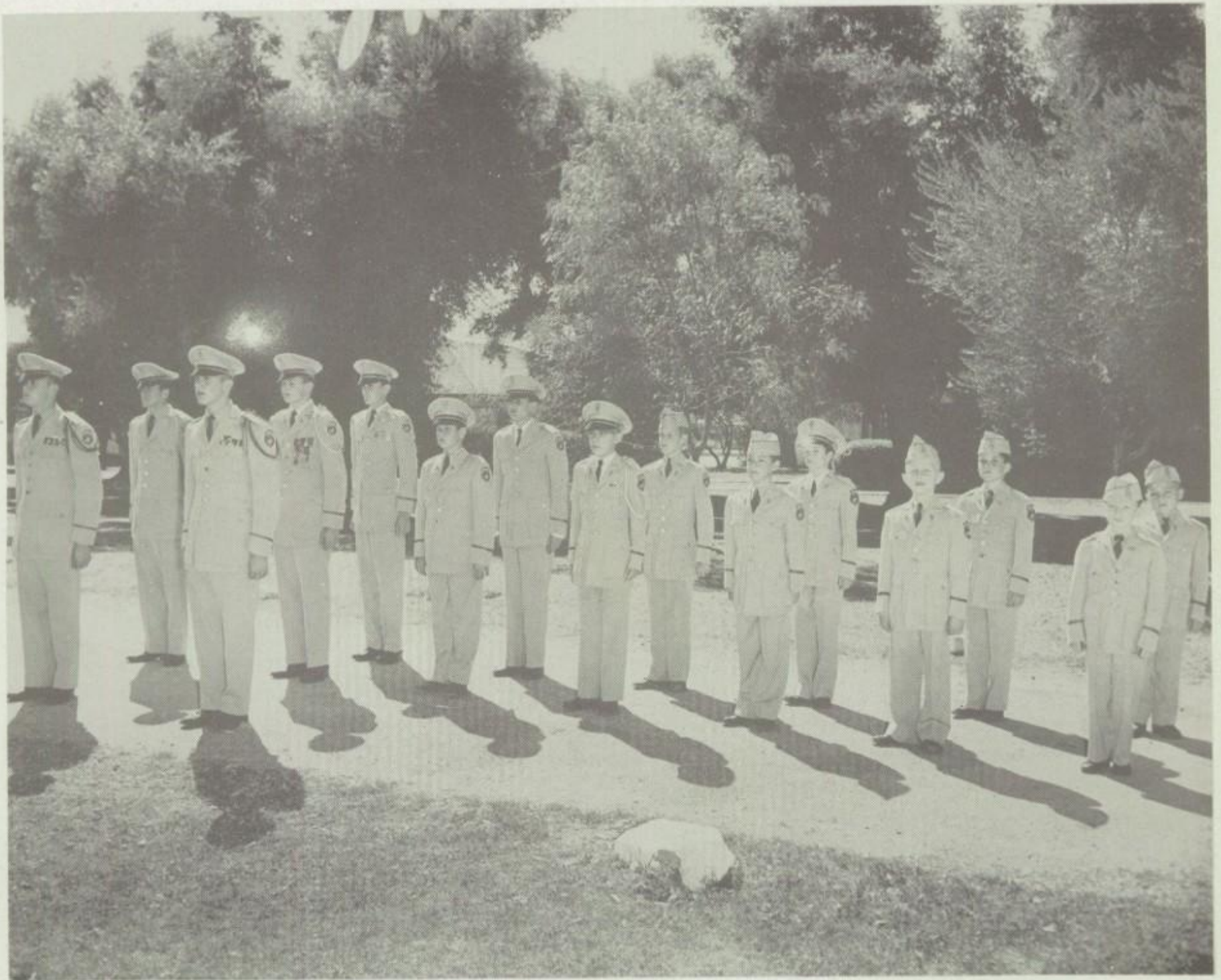
I would like to thank each one of you very sincerely for the cooperation and enthusiasm you have given throughout this year. We have developed a drill team with precision, order, and interest which will become a perpetual tradition at Brownmoor. For this, Miss Goodhart, we all thank you.

I don't think any of us will quickly forget the many good times we have had together on cook outs, breakfast rides, etc.

Thank you once again.

LYNNE LA MURE

Drill Team



D. Smith (Platoon Sargent), R. Smith (Platoon Sargent), D. McKnight (Guide). First Squad: R. Freed (Squad Leader), A. Rossbach, N. Liedel, B. Lewis, K. Metzner, T. Myrick. Second Squad: E. de Berge (Squad Leader), C. Bonvie, R. Terry, M. McVay, V. Parker, F. Bostock.

El Alacran Board



J. Brown, C. Shattuck, J. Moffett, S. Carter, S. Morse (Co-Editor), S. Hunter (Editor), S. Hayn, S. Tomlin.

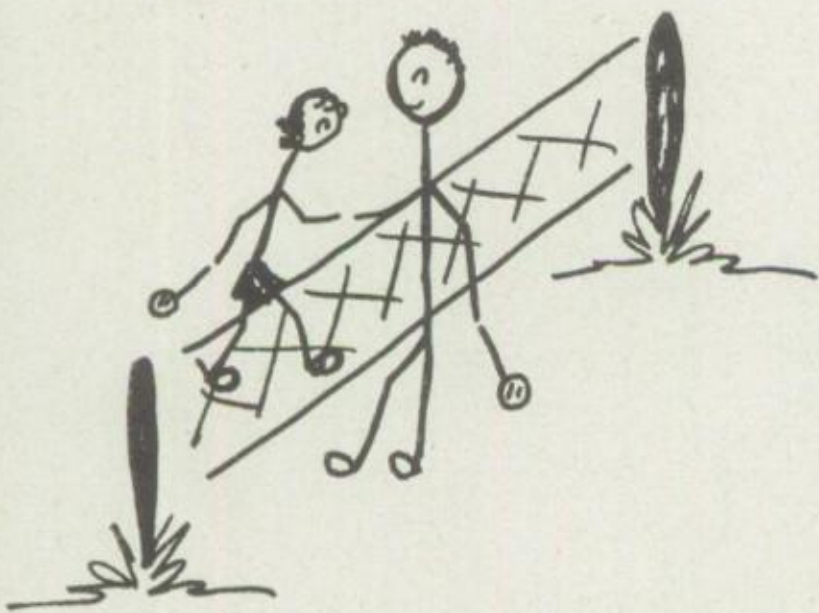
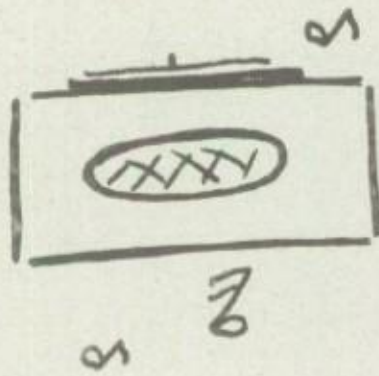
I want to thank each one of you very much for helping me make this Alacran into a finished product.

I want to particularly thank Sue Morse, she was a most wonderful co-editor.

We all worked together, — I think we have evidence of that. Again let me assure you that your time and effort were most appreciated.

SUZE HUNTER.

♫OCIAL



*"Same
Old
Saturday
Night"*



"Something to Remember"



"My Defenses Are Down"



"How Could You Do a Thing Like That to Me"



"There's No Business Like Show Business"



"It's the Talk of the Town"



"Really Gone"



"Too Late Now"



"Rhythm Sticks"

"Buttons and Beaus"



"Make Believe"



"I Remember"



"Such a Night"



"Daddy-o"



"I Hear the Music Now"



"Shake, Rattle and Roll"



"It Ain't Necessarily So"

Calendar

September

- 23 — Boarding students arrived
- 26 — Day students arrived

October

- 1 — Initiation
- 2 — Square dance
- 15-17 — Long Weekend — Apache Trail
- 22 — Water Ballet
- 30 — Breakfast Ride

November

- 5-7 — Long Weekend — Varsity dance — Oak Creek
- 9-11 — Volleyball team games — Pine Victory
- 12 — Cave Creek — Movie dance at Brownmoor
- 13 — Breakfast Ride
- 19-20 — Horse show at Horse Lovers — Seniors go to Tucson
- 26-29 — Long Weekend — Nogales

December

- 3 — Carl Pleasant Lake — dance at Judson
- 10 — Formal dance at Brownmoor
- 11 — Christmas party given by the Graybeals
- 13 — Riding club party
- 14 — Miss Sallie's party for the faculty
- 15 — House parties
- 16 — Lower school Christmas party
- 17 — January 6 — Christmas Vacation

Calendar

January

- 6 — School Reopens
- 24-27 — Mid-year Exams
- 28-30 — Long Weekend. Trip to Douglas

February

- 4 — Orme Basketball Game Here
Record Dance
- 11 — Valentine Dance
- 18-20 — Long Weekend

March

- 3 — Orme Basketball Game at Orme
- 8 — Record Dance
- 10-12 — Long Weekend
- 17 — College Boards
- 23 — Ring Ceremony
- 24 — Mesa Horse Show
Junior Carnival
- 29 — Senior Ditch Day
- 30 — Beginning of Long, Long Weekend

April

- 3 — School Reopens after Long, Long Weekend
- 7 & 8 — Brownmoor Horse Show
- 28-30 — Long Weekend

May

- 5 — Junior-Senior Prom
- 19 — Senior Breakfast
Graduation

"It Happened Once Before"



"Rag Mop"



"The Man From Laramie"



"Hey Little Girl"



"Boom, Boom, Ain't It Great to be Crazy"



"The Glow-Worm"



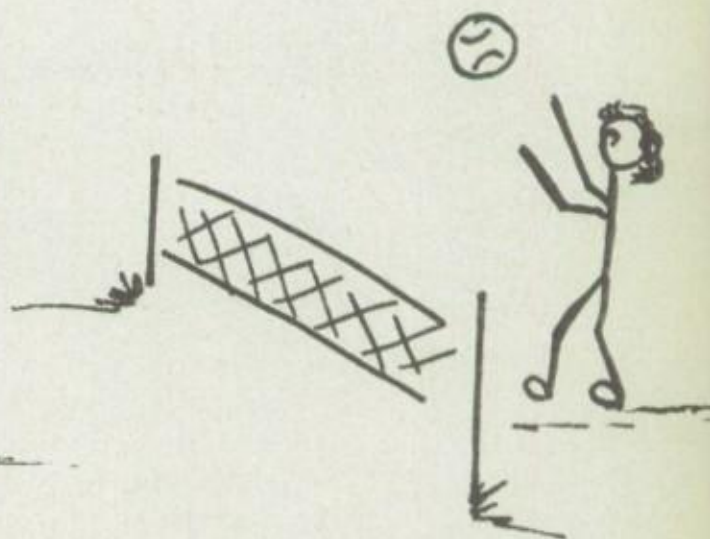
"Moments to Remember"



"Block Buster"



"Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better"



Sports

Juniper Team



First Row: B. Castle, K. Flynn, L. de Berge, L. Clifford, N. Leidel, S. Dyke, G. Mitchell, C. Hubert, M. Cash, J. Johnston. *Second Row:* L. Miller, J. Fairbanks, P. Alderdyce, V. Shakespeare, J. Brown, C. Shattuck, S. Hayn, P. Leigh, S. Tomlin (Captain), S. Hunter, L. La Mure, K. Inciso, S. Hughes. *Third Row:* L. Berman, L. Phillips, A. Antle, B. Kirtz, J. Heineman, L. Ganson, S. Morrison, J. Neifert, D. Smith, D. McKnight, R. Freed, C. Bonvie, J. Isabel, K. Kohler, D. Meyer, S. Arbogast, M. Hoffman, G. Porter, C. Overall, P. Landt.



First Row: E. Davis, L. Northup, D. Hudson, S. Bartel, B. Arnold, C. Bostock. *Second Row:* E. L. Graybeal, L. Smith, E. Conley, J. Wales, T. Leonard, B. J. Keith. *Missing:* J. Adams, T. Myrick.

Dear Junipers,

It is very hard for me to express my complete gratitude to you all in mere words.

Having been given this position, I never expected to attain the trust and confidence which you have so kindly placed in me.

Whether we win the Pine-Juniper Trophy or not, is irrelevant. The importance of good sportsmanship, teamwork, and complete cooperation, is of much greater and lasting value.

Peg, thanks for all your spirit, advice, and support. You exemplify the expression, "The taller the reed, the lower it bends," perfectly, — a very uncommon virtue. Without you, nothing could have been accomplished.

So may I express my gratitude in two words, which are commonly used, but never with more sincere meaning than I am using now.

Thank you,
SYL

Pine Team



First Row: M. Flynn, S. Sharpe, L. Madison, D. Feldes, S. Heath, T. Gillatt, S. Smart, B. Shallit, L. Maisner, M. Frost. Second Row: C. Graybeal, B. Ford, S. Collins, S. Carter, A. Magoun (Captain), J. Moffett, L. Hussey, S. Rosen, M. Brown, M. McVay, M. Pugh, S. Duell. Third Row: G. Moran, L. Sheppard, T. Ritter, K. Lundberg, J. Ahlswede, J. Berner, E. de Berge, R. Smith, J. Finlay, J. Smith, B. Folmar, M. J. Shakespeare.

Dear Pines:

You have worked hard showing your sportsmanship and sports ability. How can I ever express my sincere appreciation and gratitude. You have worked together as a team should and have shown me the real value of teamwork. Through this, we have all gained long-lasting friendships.

My thanks to you all. A memory of each and every one of you will remain with me always.

I also should like to thank Pidge for her wonderful support and understanding in helping me guide the Pines.

Good-bye and good luck to you all,
ANN MAGOUN



First Row: S. Daniell, J. Arnold, G. Grimditch, A. Rossbach, R. Terry, J. Bartel. Second Row: D. Gordon, P. Irwin, P. Cramp, F. Bostock, B. Lewis, K. Metzner, V. Parker, M. S. Adams, G. Keith, E. Ryan. Third Row: E. Gerber, P. Lytton-Smith, P. Goldwater, M. J. Mahon. Missing: L. Neely, S. Smith.

Sports

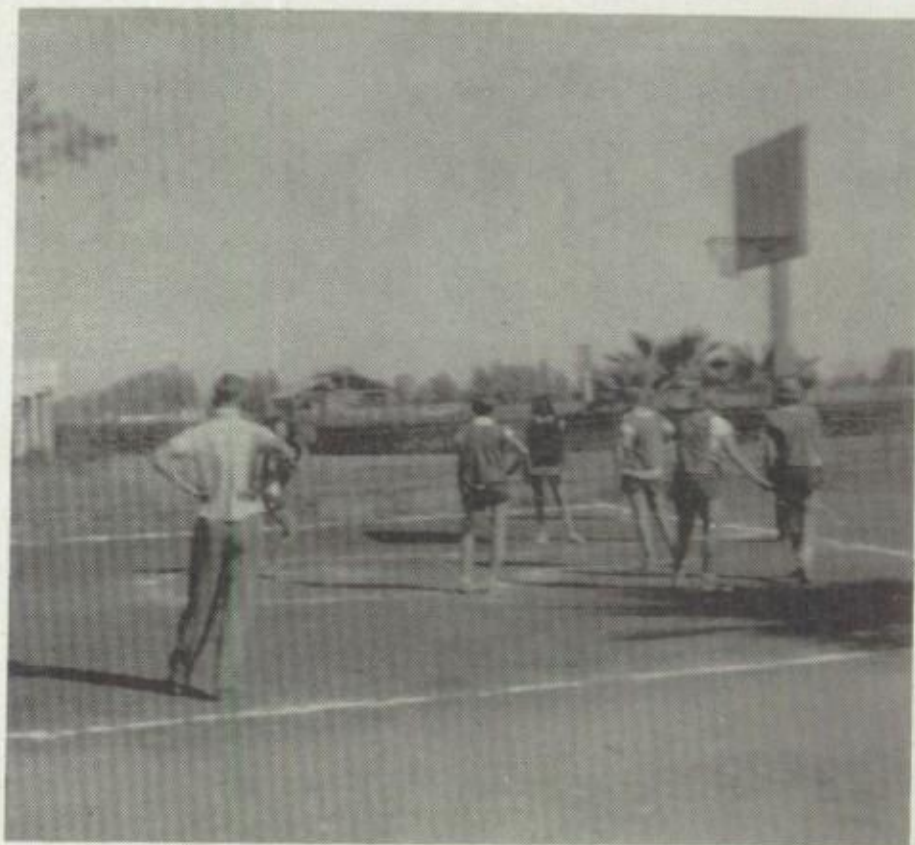


Golf

Calmness and a good steady swing are what we strive for in this popular sport. There is nothing so satisfying as seeing your ball going straight down the fairway. Even if you did hit it straight and it doesn't quite end up in that direction, golf is one of our most rewarding games.

Basketball

Let's not get too excited now — the basket will wait even if the other team wont. This year basketball has had several players who just never seem to miss the basket — also, in the team games the boys have added an incentive and energy we haven't seen before. This game is one of Brownmoor's most popular sports. Everyone participates — from the lower school right through the faculty.



Swimming

How many laps did you say? Why, I haven't been swimming since November — and now in March you want me to do fifteen. That's our swimming during the week — learning how to swim correctly and safely. Of course, during the week-ends we swim for fun and try to get suntanned. In our large pool and pool area we find swimming is one of our most popular team and pleasure sports.



Sports

Riding

"Heels down — knees in". This is what you will hear if you go down to the riding ring between 2:30 and 3:30. Miss Goodie prepares us for the various horse shows we enter, and may make a beginner a perfected rider by the end of the year. Riding is one of the main features of the school and though it takes hard work, it reaps its just rewards.



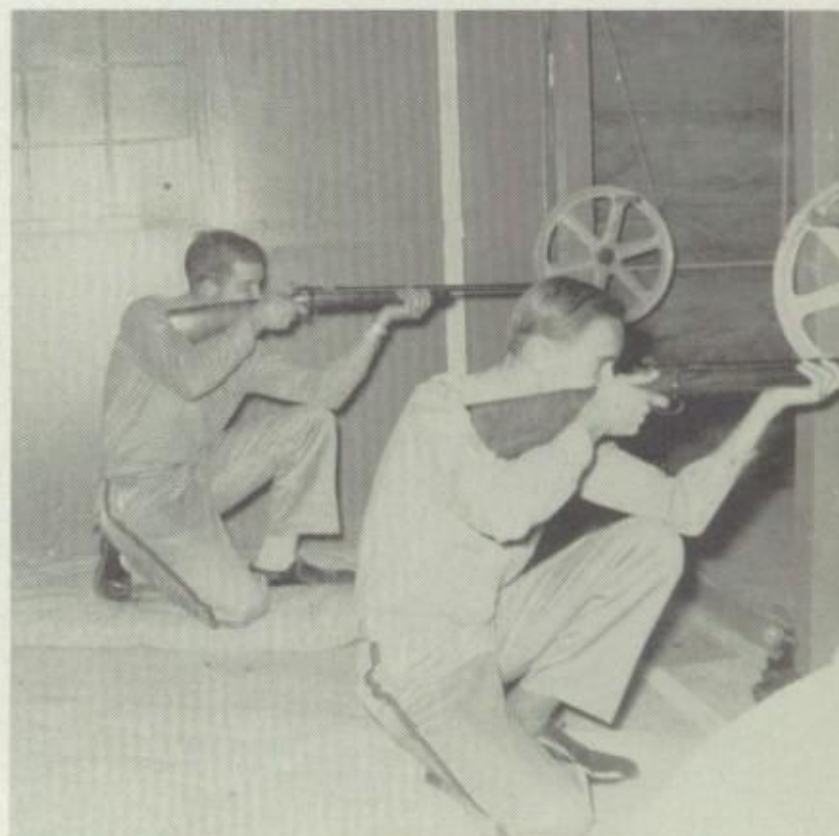
Tennis



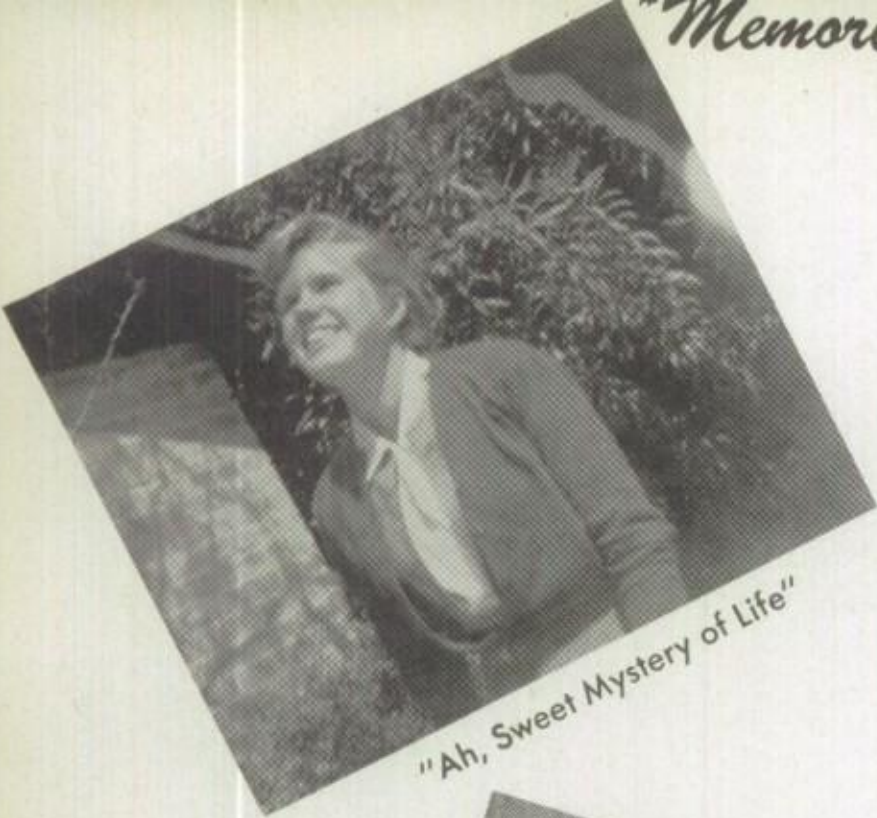
Wow, look at that serve. True, some have a little too much power when they serve the ball, and it lands in the orange grove. Then there are those who struggle desperately trying to hit the ball over the net. But once having reached a happy medium, tennis is a favored supplement of our sports program.

Riflery

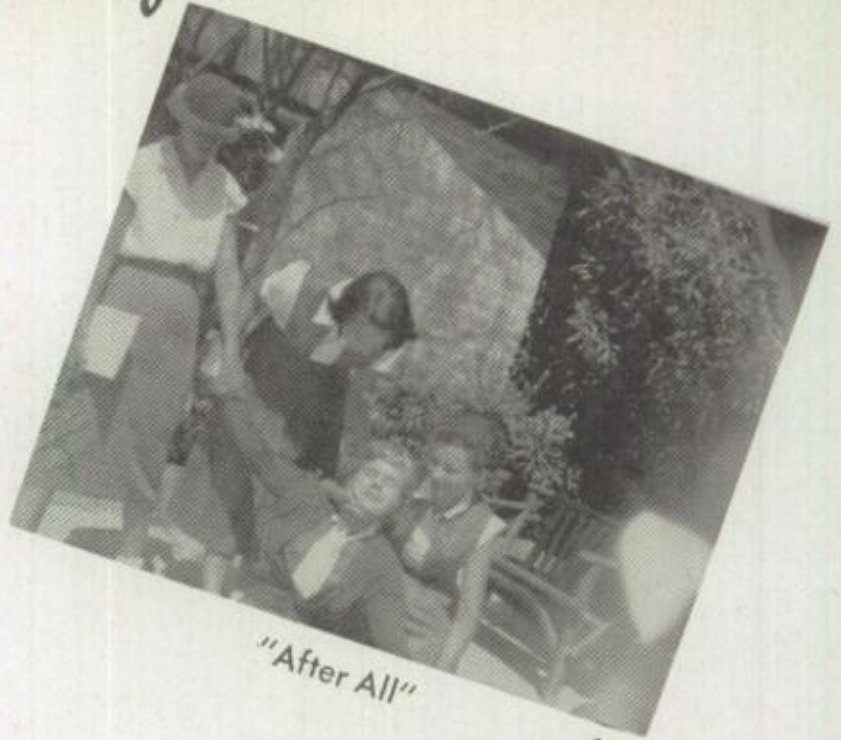
With the addition of boys to our campus, the addition of a new sport was inevitable. Riflery is no doubt the favorite pastime of our boys. With the use of a near-by rifle range at their disposal, once a week we see them, guns in hand, ready to leave and try their skill. And judging from the condition of the targets, they seem to hit their mark the majority of the time.



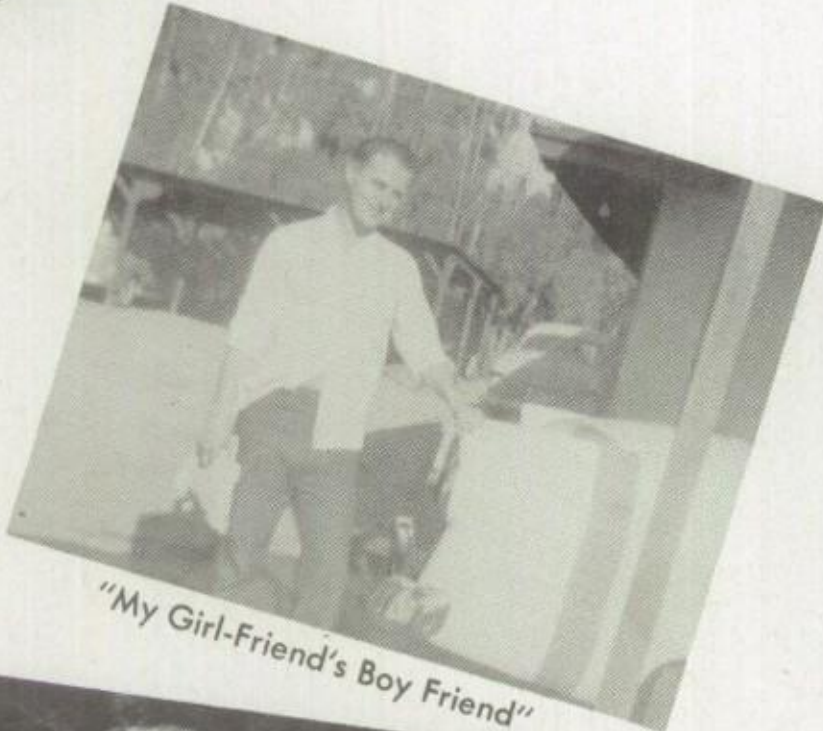
"Memories Are Made of This"



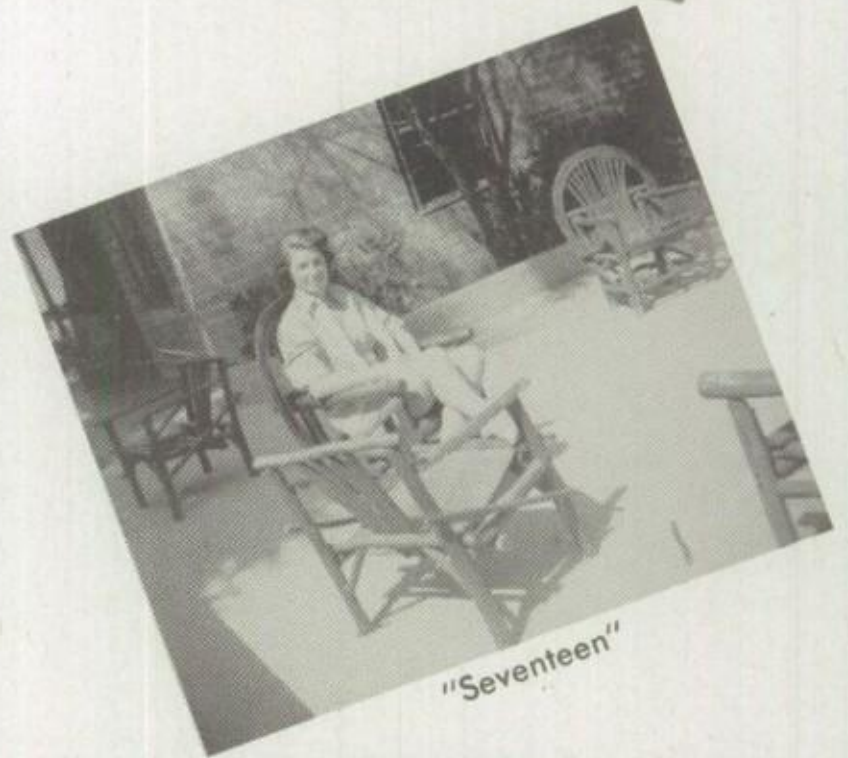
"Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life"



"After All"



"My Girl-Friend's Boy Friend"



"Seventeen"



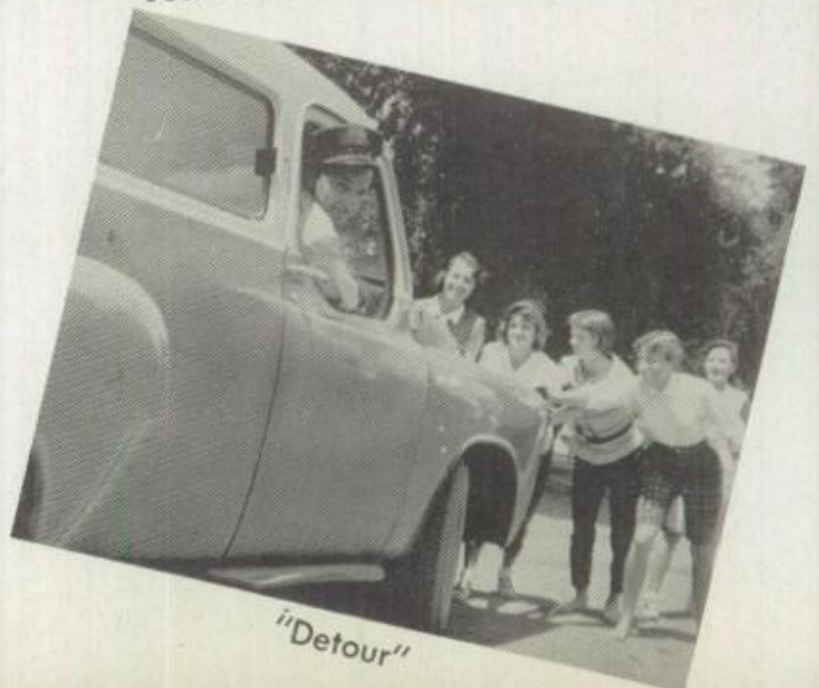
"Land of Dreams"



"Just One of Those Things"

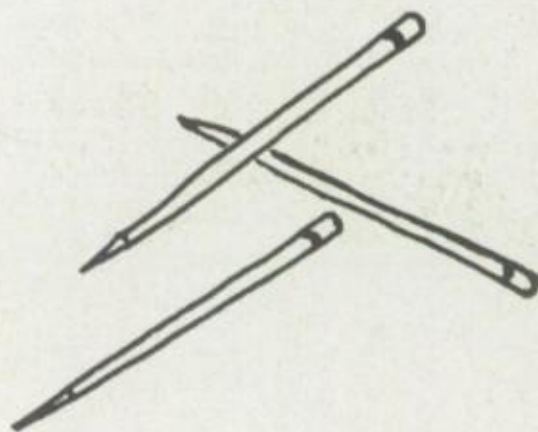
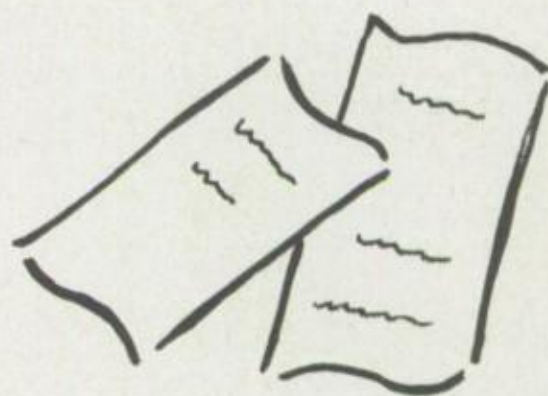


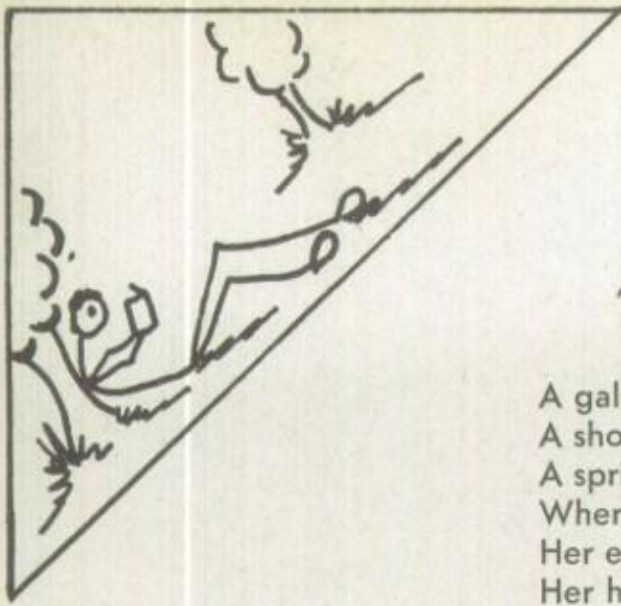
"Jezabel"



"Detour"

Literary





"Spring"

A gale of golden laughter,
A shower of silver tears,
A sprinkling of bright colors
Wherever she appears.
Her eyes, a lovely blue,
Her hair the softest brown,
Her skin as soft as petals,
Her garb, a pale, green gown.

Kathy Flynn '57

"Night"

Streaks of orange and red across a golden sky;
The delicate outline of a church spire —
Life in a silhouette —

Night, vague and intangible — a soft velvet cloak
smothering the monotony of day, vast and exciting,
brief but enduring.

Night, the madness of moonlight on gossamer leaves,
sea mist mingled with the fragrance of blooming
jasmine, the soft vagueness of the breeze in my
hair, a dew-sprinkled cobweb, — stars with the
brilliance of diamonds in a showcase.

Night, a silent fantasy — the peaceful rhythm of a
world in sleep.

Janie Johnston '57

This Desert

The song of the desert is a beckoning cry, the voice of the breeze over golden sands; the throaty rasp of a land delirious with thirst, arms outstretched, clutching at the fragments of life, trying desperately to grasp them.

They call her barren wasteland and fear her swirling sands; they cry for water and beat her with their fists in rage. How could they know that she has longed for the life that water brings; that all she has, she gives to a desert flower, gone astray? How could they know that she holds the deepest secrets of past civilizations within her heart? Is it destiny that makes her as she is — subject to the lashing winds and murderous sun? What morbid curse was cast upon her that turned her sour?

With the passing of time a man came by with a dream and a hope and a vision of life — of a desert made fertile, with trees and flowers, streams and orange groves, and the laughing people of a new civilization. Now she laughs and scoffs at fate, and her song is the cry of a conqueror.

Janie Johnston '56

Imagery

Desert Peace

Purple peaks in the horizon,
Sunrise on golden sands,
Soft silhouetted Sahuaros,
Sunset in desert lands.

Desert moon casts its glow,
Crickets sing in the brush,
Tall jack rabbits scamper,
The night has lost its hush.

The desert, soft-breathing, peaceful,
As the moon sinks in the west,
Is a land of silent shadows,
Of perfect peace and rest.

Janie Johnston '56

"Sunbeams"

In a dark corner —
Lightness through the darkness.

In a church —
Radiance of the colored panes.

In a stream —
A mirrored reflection.

In a tree —
The shine of leaves.

On the earth —
The sustenance of life.

Sue Carter '56

"Wind"

Swiftly moving —
She weaves her cloud patterns,
This Goddess in flight.

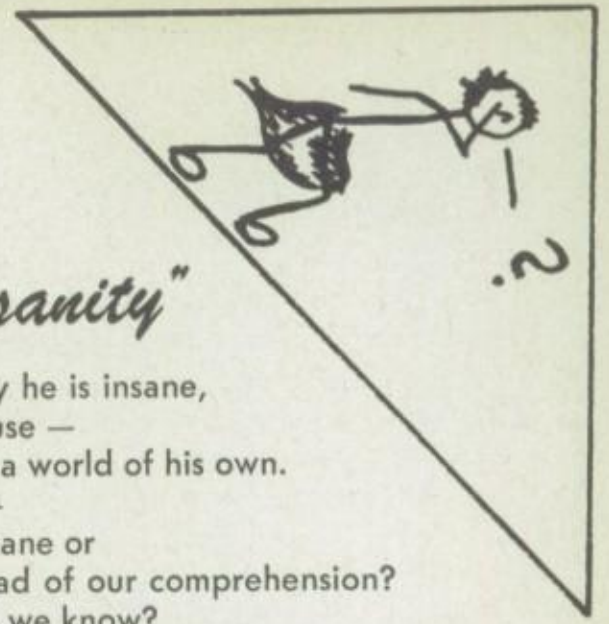
She turns the weather vane
On the house top, glides from
Tree to tree —
Bending them like dancers.

Often she is quiet and sleeping,
In calm repose,
Only to spring up again,
Giving no warning —

Except by breathing the dead
Leaves to life for a moment.
She is Wind —
This beautiful Goddess.

Janet Moffett '56

Reflections



The Threshold

I stand this day upon a threshold.
I do not know what the tomorrows that are mine
will bring.
I can but look back upon the days and years
that I have spent.
Even as I stand here this day, the minutes that
I try in vain to grasp, are slipping through
my fingers, and I am left only —
Memories.

God, give me the strength to take the time
That You have graciously granted me, and let me
Spend it wisely instead of wasting it foolishly as
I have done before.
So, when I stand upon the next threshold that
Beckons me to the vast unknown called Eternity,
I will be ready for that life with the knowledge
That I have lived this one fully.

Susan Rosen '57

"Could I?"

Why should I care
what people do or say,
Why should I worry.
Why not be gay?

Does it matter if they try,
and fail in the attempt?
I won't cry for them,
I'll make myself exempt.

Never an emotional moment
shall sit upon my soul
I'll not think of their feelings,
Calmness is my goal.

I'll not care about them
nor help them find the light,
I'll simply watch them stumble by,
but - - -
Could I sleep at night?

Sonnie Hayn '56

"The First Time Away"

I was confronted
With a problem.
There I stood,
Unaware
That they too
Had a problem.

The problem?
Loneliness,
An uncomfortable feeling
Experienced by all.

Then —
I became aware.
They too were made aware.
Now —
We are friends.
The problem,—
Solved.

Lynn Berman '57

"Insanity"

They say he is insane,
Because —
He is in a world of his own.
But —
Is he insane or
Far ahead of our comprehension?
How do we know?
For —
Are we not in a world of our own?
Who are we to judge
Insanity?

Claudine Shattuck '56

"If You Would Allow"

If you would allow —
I would tell of the
familiar glow when I see you smile
and your eyes smile, too.

If you would allow —
I would tell of how
I bless the day I first saw you
standing there —
as though you were waiting.

If you would allow —
but you and I are
without love,
Need it be so?

Claudine Shattuck '56

"Question"

Can we excuse and condone war before countless mothers and fathers who have lost their sons in the quicksand of war? Can we justify war before God?

It is dusk, and another ordinary day has almost passed when a delivery boy in his over-starched uniform hesitates before the wrought-iron numbers on your gate. The gate is still swinging as he punches the door-bell, then — "Sign here, please." Uncertain, you reflect for an instant about the possible contents of the telegram, then you open it. Your entire world freezes about you as you read the final words — "Missing in action." Almost instantly you are conscious of the mental vacuum that is forming from disbelief and hostility. Then slowly you begin to think of your son.

A blond-haired boy just eight, clad in a helmet and clutching a wooden machine gun, stands threatening his playmates who, with their own machine guns, are appearing, from the four corners of the front yard. "Stay where ya are, or ya're going to get it . . . bang! then only a few years later — war becomes a reality.

You are silent as you watch your son and his front-yard leave for training camp. His guileless aggressors slightly irritates you, but isn't he just a boy? His letters from the camp somehow reassure you — my son will be home; my son will finish college; but there is perpetually that intangible thread of fear and doubt. Then your fears and doubts are confirmed and intensified — and active duty —

Now you are not exactly sure what happened — you have had only one short and scribbled letter from him, and that was three months ago. Automatically your mind begins to form a picture of the possible circumstances. Your son among hundreds of anonymous uniformed boys of his own age, dauntless before the camouflaged enemy. Heat, exhaustion, fear, hunger — death always in their wake. Bombs exploding, illuminating everything for a second, and then — darkness. Suddenly, a bullet buries itself in his chest, then his world becomes darkness; then his world becomes God's.

You reread the words on the crumpled yellow piece of paper . . . "Missing in action," and you want to know — why your son? Can anyone condone war to you, and what's more, can anyone condone war before God?

Lynn La Mure '56

Analogy

Life

The cry of a baby
as it gasps for its first breath,
The smile of a young child
as it gains hope from its mother,
The self-conscious laugh
of a teen-ager on her first date,
The radiant look
of a bride at her wedding,
The anxious feeling
of a husband pacing the floor,
waiting for his first child;
The tender half-smile
on a mother's face as
she sees her first-born, married,
The peaceful expression
on the face
of one destined for greater things:
All those are life.

Sue Carter '56

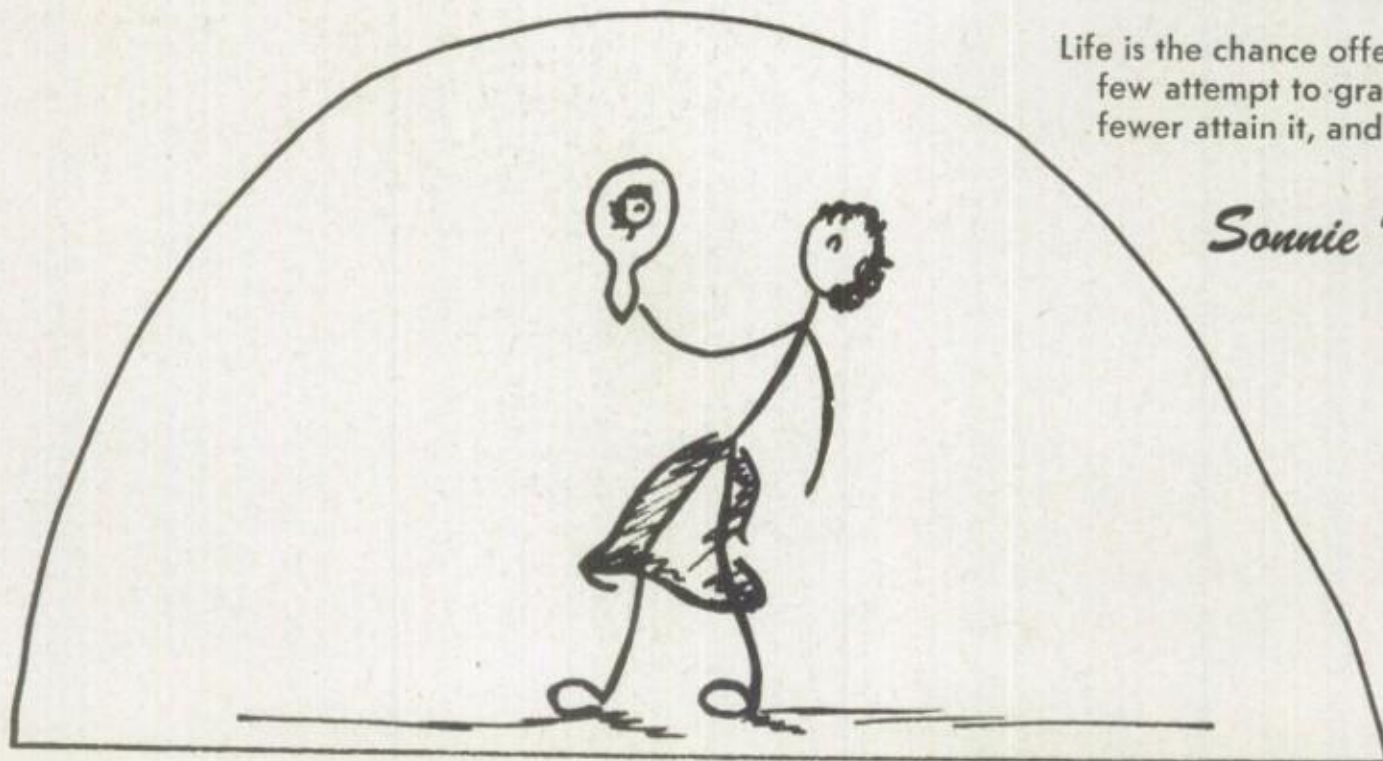
"Of Life"

What is life?
Is it the glorious opportunity
of which poets write?
They say it is in human hands —
we act — or retract.

Is it the "Cest La Vive"
which people quote? — or
the stoical submission with which
they accept injustice and error?

Life is the chance offered to all —
few attempt to grasp it,
fewer attain it, and — none keep it!

Sonnie Hayn '56



1 Farewell
to Brownmoor



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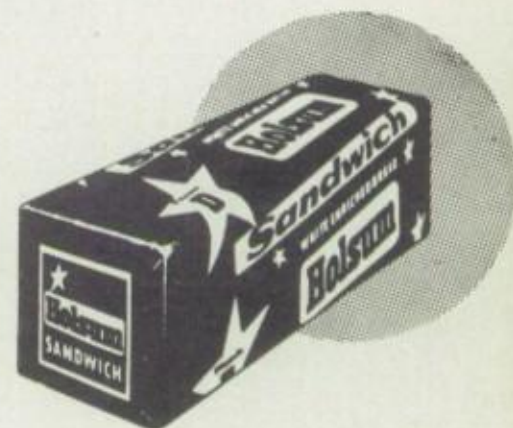
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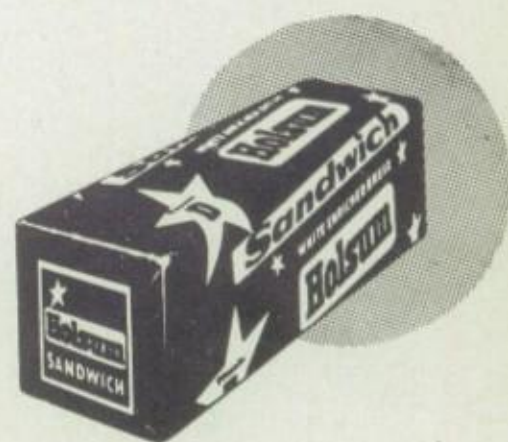
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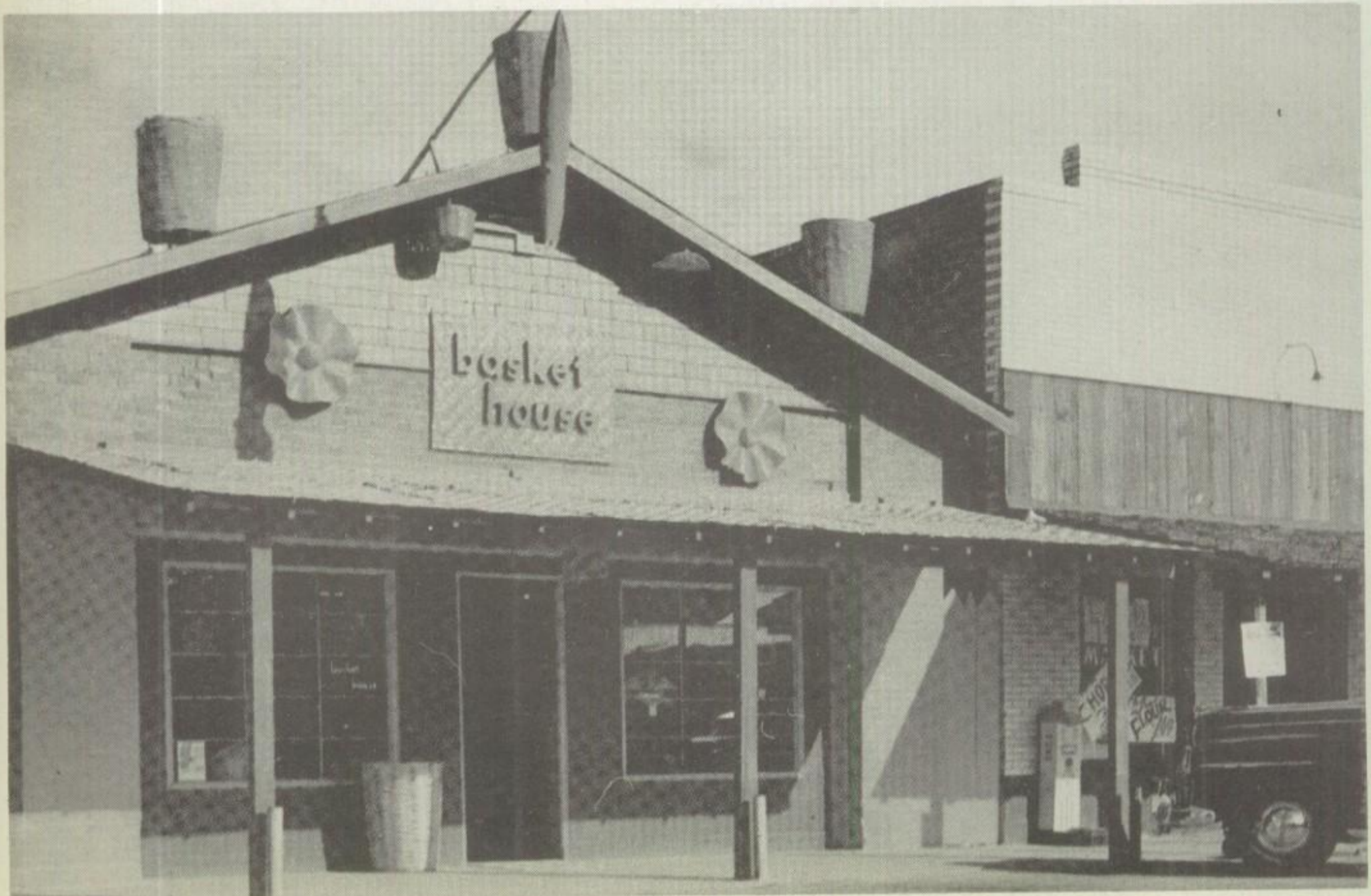
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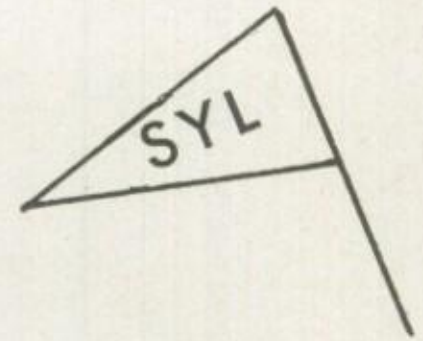
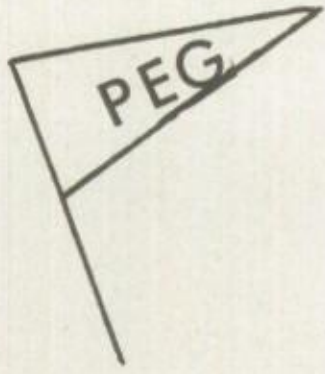
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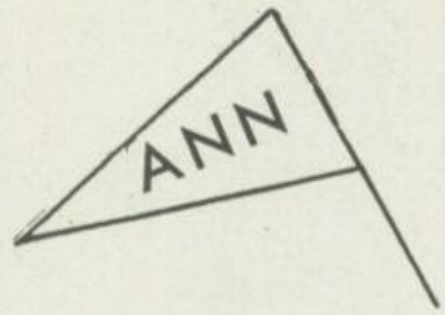
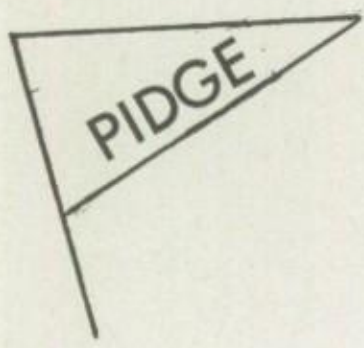
Compliments of

PHOENIX LAUNDRY



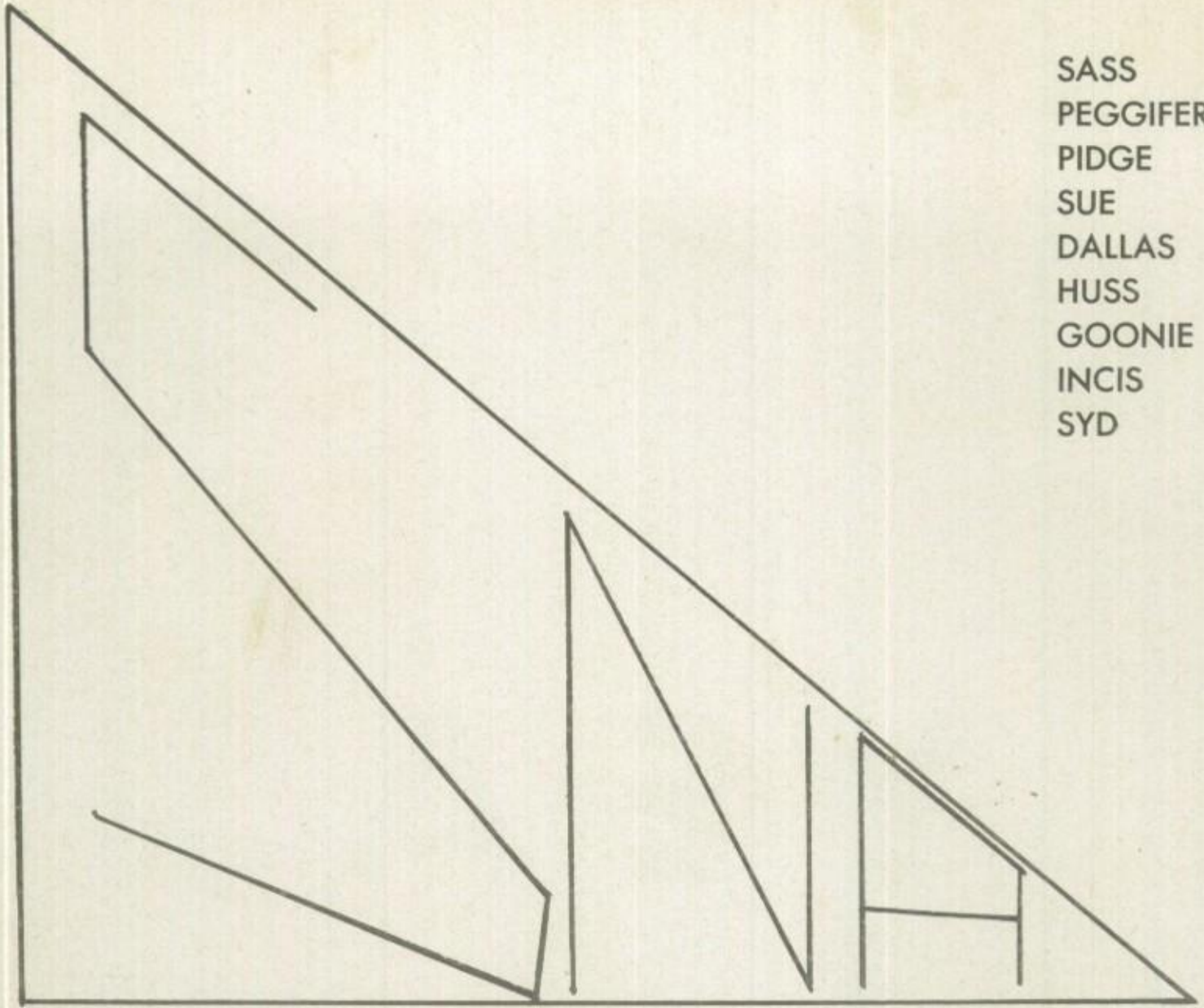
YEA JUNIPERS

COMPLIMENTS OF THE
PINES



YEA PINES

COMPLIMENTS OF THE
JUNIPERS



SASS
PEGGIFER
PIDGE
SUE
DALLAS
HUSS
GOONIE
INCIS
SYD

CONGRATULATIONS
TO THE
SENIORS

FROM A FRIEND

To Monica
Good Luck to
you in the channel.
Don't work to hard in
the future. A friend

Gar Westfall
Almont "56" (M.S.U.)

to Monica
When I make
my first million
I'll buy you another
"Donut"
Jim "60"

Good Luck to Monica,
the girl who put
the links in her hair
for us. (and it look swell)
Roy "57"
Almont

To Monica
This is a Pal
for life and a friend
for well. I promise
Almont Michigan
Little

To: Monica, I have you Doll!
people say a short friendship
lasts forever. In any case
I hope was does. Yours the
tops in my Book. Loads of
luck & May Groo Bless
every moment of your
Life. "Don't Drown"

To that Stupid
Girl From across
The lake. (Not really)
Monica
Best of luck
in the future, Kid.
May all your
years be fruitful
(apples.)

A Pal,
"Goober"
Diane Little
"MATA"
RD.
2109 Cochran
Almont, Mich.

Dear Monica,
I haven't known
you very long but I have
had a ball with you. Stay the
way you are. Love, Earl Taylor

P.S.
Good Luck

Monica
Or should I say
channel girl. Best of
luck anyway.
Harold Ault
Annada 57th

